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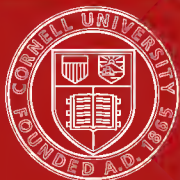
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EXERCISES IN VERSE TRANSLATION.

EXERCISES IN TRANSLATION

FROM

ENGLISH POETRY

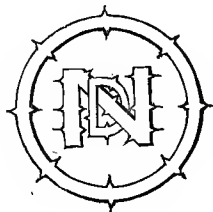
INTO

GREEK AND LATIN VERSE.

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1. GREEK EPIC HEXAMETERS.
 2. GREEK IAMBICS.
 3. LATIN ELEGIACS.
 4. LATIN HEXAMETERS.
 5. LATIN LYRICS.
-

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* *Comp. Anthol. Oxon.*, p. 107; *Arund. C.*, p. 57.

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* Comp. Sab. Cor., p. 281.

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† Comp. Sab. Cor., p. 147.

§ Comp. Sab. Cor., p. 209.

|| Comp. Sab. Cor., p. 139.

INTRODUCTION.

IN spite of the superiority of prose translation—or, as it is technically called, “composition”—as a vehicle for training the mind in preciseness of expression, it is likely that corresponding exercises in verse will remain chief favourites in the classical *palæstra* with those who love such things in and for themselves, irrespectively of the results to which they may lead.

But without attempting to settle the respective claims of the departments of prose and verse translation *in literis humanioribus*—which, indeed, would require the decision of the previous question, what share the ideal should exercise in education—it may be conceded that, at any rate, next to accuracy, felicity, and symmetry, and even elegance of expression, are worth cultivating; and also, I think, that they are best cultivated by a course of training, in which they distinctively hold the foremost place. This only relates to exercises where the mind is called upon to clothe with language ideas external to itself, and therefore does not include original versification, with which we have at present no concern. And besides the direct aspirations after the sublime and the beautiful which it fosters, and the alliance between

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the imagination and the moral feelings which it conciliates, the cultivation of poetry, even in its outward elements, exercises, beyond doubt, a refining power over language, which will make itself felt in all the departments of style, and react inevitably on the mind which thinks.

Beyond this, until the poetical masterpieces of antiquity shall cease to leaven the composite product of modern thought, that training which, by conferring some degree of mastery over their diction, places us on a vantage ground in compassing their ideas, is likely to continue in high favour, and only to become obsolete when education itself shall degenerate.

And having conferred this benefit on busy minds, having oiled, as it were, the hinges of thought, and produced in our minds a sympathy with those majestic and venerable beauties, and assisted us in realizing our corporate unity with the past, it remains a *negotium in otio*, an elegant and harmless amusement in our retreat from more oppressive tasks.

The present collection of exercises is offered as an assistance, which it is hoped may be welcome to the more advanced class of students. Such well-known collections as the *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, the *Arundines Cami*, and others, however superior in point of elegance, hardly meet the want. They, of course are rather illustrative of the results of distinguished scholarship, than directed to the necessities of those who are still students. Nothing of methodical arrangement is included in their plan, and while they run very largely

on one favoured metrical model, they are less amply supplied on others.*

This is no objection against those elegant *fasciculi* in the purely epidictic character which they claim, although from the point of view of the practical student they leave a gap still open. To project so large a mass of one's own verses as the present before a highly critical public may seem to some presumptuous, but if the attempt prove even moderately useful, the censure implied in the previous term will be short-lived. Further, since at Oxford it was, under the system in force previous to 1852, perfectly possible to take the highest university

* On examining 200 pages of the *Arundines Cami*, the Latin Elegiacs will be found to be about 45 per cent. of the whole, the Latin Hexameters 18 per cent. only, the Greek Iambic pieces 3 per cent., other Greek metrical pieces, chiefly epigrammatic, 4 per cent., whilst the remainder, of nearly 32 per cent., consists of a miscellany of various Horatian and Catullian measures. In the same quantity of the *Sabrinæ Corolla* the Latin Elegiacs are about 36 per cent., the Latin Hexameters about 10 per cent., Greek Iambics and Greek miscellaneous metres about 7 per cent. each, Greek Hexameters (Theocritean) 1 per cent., while the balance of about 39 per cent. consists of a similar miscellany of Horatian and Catullian measures. Thus, practically for the use of students, there is an abundance in these collections, and perhaps elsewhere, of Latin Elegiacs, a very moderate stock of Latin Hexameters, of Greek Hexameters next to nothing, of Greek Iambics a very few excellent pieces, of the two leading Horatian metres a fair sprinkling, and a surplus of various "fancy" metres numerous as a whole, but scantily illustrating any one metrical system. I think some of the Asclepiadean metres of Horace are worthy of more liberal exemplification, and I have endeavoured to supply it. I believe that an examination of the *Anthologia Oxoniensis* would yield a result not differing in any important degree from the above.

honours in the class-list without writing a single verse in any metre whatever, and inasmuch as, under the present system, verse translation only finds a place in "moderations," I conceive that there are, and are likely to be, a considerable number of first-class men from that university who may be in positions where the present small volume may be found convenient. At Cambridge, I believe, verse translation is more regularly required, and I should suppose it difficult to win a high classical place without it. But the advantage to the student must not be overlooked of having *more than one* version of the same exercise with which to compare his own. This holds good even in prose composition, but has a far wider application in verse, inasmuch as the greater latitude of expression which is inseparable from it, and the impossibility of obtaining precise renderings of the majority of its phrases, may allow of an equal value being ascribed to different approximations to the original on various sides.

In the small collection now offered to the public are about one hundred and twenty Greek heroic Hexameter lines (Section I.), and about two hundred and sixty Greek Iambic (Section II.). This, it is supposed, may suffice for nearly a year's* consumption in most upper forms of public schools: a proportionable quantity of Latin Elegiacs has been added (Section III.), and a larger supply of Latin Hexameters (Section IV.); these being

* From the Report of the Public Schools' Commissioners, vol. ii., Table C, 300 lines *per annum* appears to be the average amount of translation into Greek verse (probably mostly Iambic, and sometimes so stated) among ten leading public schools.

to the Elegiacs in about the proportion of three to two. In (Section V.) Latin Lyrics, the Sapphic, and Alcaic measures claim of course the foremost place. The Asclepiadean* versification has been next consulted, and a single specimen at least of most of the other Horatian metres, omitting, however, several of the hexametral and iambic combinations which occur in the Epodes, has been attempted. A few hendecasyllabic specimens have been added to close the whole.

Had I not felt bound to defer to the current practical standard, I should have been inclined to offer a larger supply of the Greek Hexameter. Admitting, to a certain extent, the difficulties of assigning definite limits to the use of arsis and hiatus, I think the Homeric model worthy of a larger study than it generally receives, and I hope in some remarks, intended to follow these Exercises and form an Appendix to this introduction, to show that those difficulties are more manageable than is generally supposed. The same Appendix will, I hope, contain some paragraphs relating in detail to the metres of the other Sections, and otherwise useful to students in the way of reference; such as a table of digammated words for Section I., and of the recognized forms of Attic crasis for Section II.

It seems to me important in Section I. to print the digamma, as otherwise a pitfall is prepared at once for the less experienced student in every seeming hiatus which its absence leaves. Until the Appendix to which I look forward is published, I can only refer the learner

* The most simple of these (Hor. *Carm.* I. 1) has not been specially given, as being effectually contained in the more complex.

to Bekker's digammated texts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (Bonn, 1858), and to Mr. Paley's recent edition of *Hesiod*, where the digammated readings are given in a margin in the middle of the page. A list of digammated words also occurs in Jelf's *Greek Grammar*, Section XVI., 2; and another will be found in Heyne's *Excursus III. to Homer II. XIX.*

I may here remark, that I think Bekker inclines to excess in his adoption of the digamma, and that I should hesitate in accepting his authority as final, unless where confirmed by such works as *Crusius' Homeric Lexicon*, *Doederlein's Homeric Glossary*, or *Curtius' work on Greek etymology.*

The Table of Contents shows all the English pieces in these exercises rendered in the *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, *Arundines Cami*, or *Sabrinæ Corolla*, unless where difference of language, or wide divergence of metre would render the parallelism nugatory. I need hardly add that my motive here has not been to provoke comparisons which my own lines might fail to satisfy, but merely to give the student the benefit of having synoptically before him more versions than one. While touching on this subject I would remark that a generous, or even a just criticism will not expect the same degree of felicity and the same uniformity of finish in a large number of pieces in different styles from one hand, which may reasonably be exacted where a large number of distinguished scholars have the opportunity of selecting their favourite and winnowed specimens, with, perhaps, the additional check of editorial supervision. All that can be ex-

pected is that the present exercises should not fall so far below that high standard as to fail of practical utility.

As regards the greater length of some of the pieces selected, it will be obvious to remedy it by breaking up the longer exercises into two or more portions of convenient length.

I will venture here a few general remarks, which may guide the verse translator in avoiding difficulties embarrassing to beginners.

1. As regards the choice of passages. It is a mistake, until considerable power has been acquired, to seek for what are called fine or grand passages. I would advise the choice of level and quiet pieces, which can always be found at will in authors of the highest mark. The rule here recommended has not been universally followed in the following selections, because difficulties require illustration more than what is easy. There are some passages in the *Foliorum Silvula*, Part I., from early English writers, before our mother-tongue had obtained its full emancipation from the ancients, which are consequently so little removed from classical idiom, as to be free from many of the difficulties which a beginner feels. But this, as Butler says, is

“English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like sarsnet heretofore on satin,”

and to turn it into Greek or Latin accordingly is hardly to translate from English, although a highly useful step towards it.

2. Avoid generally passages which run largely on

allusions to special subjects belonging to a modern order of ideas. Indeed, any special subject, although common to ancient as well as modern life,—for instance, dancing or dress,—will have this difficulty, that it will impose the use of certain special terms which may cause prosodical difficulties, while at the same time it is not easy to substitute any others for them. If a special subject has a *locus classicus*, as chariot-racing, suppose for Greek Iambics, in the *Electra* of Sophocles, the piece may be chosen specially with a view to that. But here the exception confirms the rule.

3. Avoid passages which deal largely in abstract terms, especially for Latin, and, until you have obtained a due mastery over your vocabulary, for Greek. Mr. Drury, in his version of the passage from Pope, beginning, “Behold the child, *by nature’s kindly law*,”* has happily rendered the latter phrase by *sic Di voluere benigni*, where a less accomplished translator might easily have perpetrated something crude or feeble. This is an isolated instance. A passage characterized by such instances should rather be forborne.

4. Avoid a passage containing proper names not easily assimilated to a classical model. Most names, in all Gothic languages, whether of persons or places, will fall under this ban. The reason for it is, that there should be nothing in the translation to force upon the attention inevitably the fact, that it is a translation. For a translation, as such, is a work of art, being an imitation of ancient poetry in the same sense

* *Arundines Cami*, p. 131.

as the fine arts imitate nature. Thus, the principle, *artis est celare artem*, should be applied to it, in order that the illusion may not be rudely dissipated. On the other hand, even Gothic proper names which have become extensively current in a Greek or Latin form, or which do not too harshly clash with the genius of either language, may be allowed to assume its garb. Others, as "Burke and Johnson" in the passage from Goldsmith of which Mr. Weatherby has given a spirited version in the *Corolla*, are too strongly against the grain to receive a Latin termination. *Burkius* and *Johnsonus* would be too grotesque to be admissible in verse; always excepting the case of the verse itself being meant to be absurd or ridiculous, of which the last of the present Greek Iambic exercises offers an example. We have, of course, *Porsonus* and *Bentleius* in critical notes which are good Latin prose; but those scholarly lucubrations are valuable for their matter, our versification for the manner merely. Accordingly, in the version above referred to, these English proper names are paraphrased by other classical ones which are analogous. Where an analogous name cannot be found, a common noun may sometimes be substituted without prejudice to the spirit of the passage; more rarely it will be possible to represent the name by a paraphrase of the leading quality or qualities which it implies. This has been attempted with regard to the name "Excalibur," in the third passage for Greek Hexameters.

5. On the other hand, the use of proper names is

great to a translator, as a lively and vigorous way of embodying, without quite personifying qualities. The phrase *invitâ Minervâ*, for "against the grain," is a well-known instance. Ovid uses *Mars* for effort or struggle, Juvenal uses *Prometheus* for a potter, and instances might easily be multiplied; but I would advise the translator not to introduce them too freely in his own productions. In order to be at once effectual and inoffensive, such a licence should be *sumpta pudenter*.

6. It is desirable also to forbear passages which contain a long train of terms in the same connection. For instance, in a line of Shakspeare,* *Tempest*, v. 1—

"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing-lakes, and groves,"—

the four terms following "of" ought to be rendered by possessive adjectives, or by genitives plural. Either way there is a risk of some homoioteleuton four times repeated. If paraphrase be resorted to, the conciseness, which is a main feature of the rapid enumeration of the original, is certainly sacrificed. The same rule would apply, but perhaps in Greek with less severity, to a train of verbs—Greek verb forms generally admitting of greater facility in varying their type. In a nearly uninflected language like our own,

* We find in Ovid, *Metam.* vii. 197—8,

"Auræque et venti, montesque, amnesque lacusque,
Dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes noctis,"

on which the above line of Shakspeare, as Warburton says, may perhaps be based; but in translating even an imitation, we must take it as being *to us* an original, and it will not suffice merely to invert the process, although a knowledge of the actual original may be of great help.

there is little risk of the homoioteleuton, as the absence of distinctive form much diminishes the chances of uniformity.

7. It may be worth while to add a hint with regard to devotional or Sacred English Poetry. It may perhaps be the last thing ventured on, when the difficulties of all other styles have been overcome; but all, save those who are masters in the art, had better refrain from applying it to so unsympathetic a subject-matter. We may except from this prohibition the widely diffused notions of sacrifice, moral retribution, the general conception of a future state, and the like. Beyond these, we fall at once upon a speciality of subject-matter, which comes under our second caution. But besides this general objection, to use such poetry for the purposes of exercises meant merely as a study of manner, is, I think, to degrade and indeed to profane them; whilst, as a work of art, the main idea must be at perpetual warfare with the spirit of the phraseology subjected to such a strain.* The effect is like that of a church built in an English ecclesiastical style, with Greek details.

8. The number of lines in a translation should bear some proportion to those in the original; but often a very different one according to the metre, language, and

* As an example of what is here meant, take Buchanan's and perhaps other versions of some of the Psalms. The phraseology used may be perfectly Ovidian or Horatian, but the more it is so, the greater is the risk of its awakening associations utterly incongruous with the subject—to say no worse.

style of the model. The greatest conciseness may perhaps be achieved in Latin hexameters, the greatest diffuseness permitted in the same metre after Homer's style. The reasons in the latter case lie on the surface, and all arise from the redundancy, under all its various forms, which early and simple poetry loves. On account of this peculiarity, which cleaves inseparably to its language, the greatest caution is necessary in selecting passages the genius of which shall not be too remote from that of the Greek Epic, as handled by its native master.

9. Greek Iambics admit of a high degree of terseness; and so cosmopolitan is the tone of thought and language of the polished Attic period, that it is as difficult to find passages of a good dramatic standard—omitting those in which the idiom of the thought is modern,—which cannot, by one who has its resources at command, be rendered in this style with tolerable approximation, as it is to find passages, *not* being cast in a designedly antique mould, which are adapted to the Homeric hexameter. But in proportion as the range of its materials is ample, it is difficult not only to exhaust but to wield them: in proportion as the compass and powers of the instrument are large, must be the grasp and versatility of the master. Hence, for all but the most accomplished proficients, there is ample room for sober judgment in selecting, more especially from Shakspeare, as I shall attempt to show towards the close of these remarks.

10. In all evenly stanza'd* poetry, if a symmetrical translation be aimed at, it is obviously inadmissible to have the number of lines in the translation more or fewer than those in the original. It is not, however, necessary that a version *should* be symmetrical. Thus Mr. Holden has selected some stanzas of "The Lay of the Lake Regillus," as suited to hexameters.† If, however, the translation is to be symmetrical, the question is important, what proportion the number of syllables in a stanza of the original bears to that in the same number of lines of the translation? For instance, in

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,"

we have fourteen syllables, but in

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,"

there are twenty; and this difference is enough to make the task of translating either of these into the same metre, say the Latin Elegiac, one of very unequal difficulty.

11. In lyrical translations, the numerical restriction of a stanza must be accepted, but a greater latitude may be claimed, as regards preciseness of phraseology, than in any other style. Lyric poetry

* I say "*evenly* stanza'd," because to such a blending of measures as occurs in Gray's ode, "The Bard," or Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," the remark will not apply.

† *Foliorum Silvula*, Part i., p. 405 (3rd ed.)

should always be referred to the hypothesis—which is of course an artistic fiction, but, I think, true to the spirit of its conception—that it is an *impromptu* effusion of feeling called out by the occasion, and in all its loftier styles involves a dithyrambic fervour not necessarily felt by a translator, but which his style may represent, and in which the frigid exactness of phraseology is lost. Its translation should therefore be the last attempted, as the premature or immoderate cultivation of it is likely to lead, in proportion as it is successful, to a dissoluteness of style. And even in the *juvenum curæ* and *libera vina*, which form the staple of its lighter verse, there is an impulsiveness and abandonment to the predominant mood, which is inconsistent with nicely weighed and measured diction. Here, therefore, a more roomy style is required, and one which allows the language to sit less closely to the thoughts.

12. In this style there is room for a skilful ear in the choice of a metre suited to the genius of the thought, and expressing approximately the cadences and rhythmical features of the original.

13. In all translations whatever, the influence of language over thought is carefully to be watched, not watched in order to be excluded—if that indeed were possible—but in order to observe the deflexions from the line of original thought which we encounter through the phrases that occur in translating. To sum it up briefly, words run after one another and thoughts run after *them*. There is perhaps no one word in any lan-

guage which exactly covers the same area of meaning as a word in another. And all these words or phrases so variously differenced have their own "proclivities," and tend to warp this way or that the thought which we are trying to express by means of them. The most broad example of this is when it is required to translate a metaphor. Suppose, then, the expression "to ride at anchor" (of a ship) be to be rendered. In Latin a ship was said to "stand" at her moorings, motion being rather lost sight of, and rest substituted for it. Perhaps our term is due to a habit of anchoring in deeper water, and allowing the ship more play upon her cables, than was usual in the ancient mode.* Thus the basis of the metaphor in fact is wanting. Suppose then, the term *statio*, accompanied by some verb or adjective expressing fluctuation, to be fixed upon. Still, the term *statio* will retain its own associations, and will send the thought back stamped, as it were, with a new image.† And that which is true where

* We find in Homer, plainly however, I think, describing an exceptional practice—

"ὑποῦ δ' ἐν νοτίῳ τὴν γ' ἄρμυσαν," δ. 785, θ. 55.

† Instances of this are copious. It is hardly possible to open a page of any book of translations without finding plenty. I take one at random from the *Sab. Cor.*, 139. Shelley's lines—

"And Silence, too enamoured of that voice,
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell,"—

are there rendered, the translator having only allowed himself a line and a half,—

"et in ipsâ voce laborans
Includit taciturna cavo Proserpina saxo."

a metaphor is to be rendered, is also true, although not so glaringly, wherever the translating word or phrase does not coincide in sense with the translated, although, of course, as there is no microscope which we can apply to expression, the finer differences almost always escape notice.

14. This tendency of the language to run away with the sense, reinforced as it constantly is in practice by metrical exigencies, should be watched and kept within bounds in all, even lyrical translations; but *ex vi materiæ* those bounds will not in all be the same.

These merely general remarks may be fitly concluded with a few hints on the comparative eligibility of authors in furnishing passages suitable for the translator's hand.

15. For translation into Latin, Dryden seems to me to offer greater facilities than any poet who may be said to have written since the English language attained its completeness. There is a certain largeness of thought and ease of expression in him, which imparts a ductility to his diction. His imagery deals mostly in

Here the introduction of *Proserpina* seems to require the epithet, or further predicate, *taciturna*, to assist it in standing for "Silence;" this again causes the distinctive object of "locks," viz., "mute music," to be dropped, and "locks" borrows its object from the *ipsâ voce* of the previous line. Here then *Proserpina* seems to have reacted on the rest of the translation, producing an effect certainly divergent from the English. These remarks are not to be taken as implying any censure of the work of an eminent scholar, but only as showing how it exemplifies the above observations.)

the broader features which strike all minds nearly alike. There is little of recondite metaphor, there is a general absence of twists and tangles of thought, and of strain and inversion of structure. Whatever effect he aims at comes easily to hand. He was, no doubt, thoroughly permeated by the Virgilian and Ovidian recollections of his school-boy days at Westminster, on translations or imitations of which he did not disdain to build a part of his maturer fame. I will add that, to render Dryden successfully, Ovid's *Metamorphoses* offer a more hopeful field of study than Virgil, who is far less ductile to the imitator's hand.

16. There is no poet, so far as I know, that offers facilities for Greek equal to those of Dryden for Latin translation ; but, on the whole, I should be inclined to put Milton for this purpose first. Probably no poet of first-class note in this country has ever been so profound a scholar or so fond of showing his lore. It would, I think, be more easy to arrange from Milton a series of passages graduated to represent all degrees of difficulty to the translator, whether into Greek or Latin, than from any other poet. His style may, on the whole, be pronounced archaic. It may have been that, firmly rooted in classical antiquity, he felt less than others his contemporaries, as Waller, Denham, and Cowley, the change which the period of the Great Rebellion wrought in English poetry. His poetic diction seems at any rate half a century older than theirs, and perhaps as much older than his own

prose. On the whole, his dramatic poetry is naturally preferable for Greek Iambics. His minor pieces may be tried for Latin Elegiacs, but will often be found embarrassing through the irregularity of their pauses. They are better suited, according to their matter, for lyrics or the bucolic hexameter, while heroic hexameters may be taken from the two grander poems.

17. Shakspeare seems to me to stand by himself; as in everything else, so in this respect, as regards his degree of suitableness for translation, and that not wholly on different grounds. He abounds with sudden difficulties, which, in the midst of a passage of average facility, crop out on the path of the translator. Hence greater caution is requisite in the choice of his passages than perhaps is necessary with any other English poet. Of these difficulties the depth and fullness of his meaning is perhaps the one most constantly present. He often troubles perspicuity with abstruse conceits, for indeed he never seems to have shrunk from any metaphor which crossed his fancy. I need hardly mention his proneness to play on the term employed; such random quibbling lies on the surface, and is a mark of what to avoid. He is difficult through the use of terms often either antiquated, or in sense, and perhaps in form, unique; and through a syntax often requiring a solution on unfamiliar grounds. But over and above any difficulties arising out of the diction, as such, is the extent to which the sense distends it; the muchness (if the expression be pardonable) of what his language

conveys. He is deep, not as not easily reached, but as not easily fathomed. And when, as is often the case, several of the above difficulties combine with this close package of the meaning, to measure his thought by other words than his own, and in another language than his own, requires a combination of mental grasp, critical judgment, and felicity of expression, which often task to the utmost the resources of translation.

18. I will give one example only for the sake of illustration, although such might easily be multiplied. It is from a speech in the fourth act and first scene of "Julius Cæsar," where Antony says, in reply to a remark that Lepidus is "a tried and valiant soldier,"—

"So is my horse, Octavius ; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth,
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations ;
Which out of use, and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
But as a property."

It would not be difficult to write down a series of Greek words in iambic metre which might superficially represent the several terms of the latter portion of this passage, but there is in it a subtle nucleus of meaning, to which the terms employed converge rather than in which they obviously meet, and which they might

easily be so rendered as to miss, when the whole description would be vague and pointless.

19. It is customary to set Latin Hexameters from Pope. His "Windsor Forest," his "Messiah," and perhaps some other pieces which have a plainly classical tinge, are no doubt appropriate. But on the whole, his polished and faceted style would be more suitable for Greek Iambics, were not his matter generally so uncongenial to the dramatic cast of thought. I think he is likely to be for nothing so good as, when digested into couplets or short pieces, for detached epigrams. On this class of translation, however, the present exercises have not entered.

20. Gray is, on the whole, difficult. His careful process of filing and inlaying his language will generally impose a similar task on his translator. His famous "Elegy" is about as difficult a task for Latin Elegiacs as any in the language, but as the best known elegiac in that language it seemed proper not to leave it wholly untried.

21. But I doubt if any English lyric writer, at any rate since Gray, more abounds with difficulties for our purpose than the present Laureate. I speak at present of no quality save this one. There is a characteristic which I can hardly express in other than figurative terms, but which seems to me to bear description as a certain shortness in the fibre and intricacy in the grain, which too often turns the edge of the tool and baffles the workman. An eclecticism of thought and fastidiousness of language, parallel rather than similar to those

which mark Virgil among Latin poets, and Sophocles, although to a less extent, among Greek ones, form perhaps a part of the difficulty. I only wish to caution the rising generation of scholars against being misled by an admiration for his verse into thinking that it will easily change its native dress. His "Ulysses" and his "Morte d'Arthur" are written with a view to a classical standard—the latter is described by himself as "Homeric Echoes,"—and are, therefore, exceptionally eligible for Greek epic verse.

22. A fair field for the translator's efforts may be found in Cowper. His level and often featureless lines are removed from difficulty by this very quality. The more directly didactic portions should be avoided, and descriptive passages rather chosen.

23. The objection to Goldsmith is the great extent to which his poetry is charged with purely English images. This will be found, I think, to more than balance the facilities which his charming simplicity might otherwise promise. And as a rule, in considering an English poet for our present purpose, the general tone and pervading character should first be studied. If these be on the whole too far removed from the classical standard, it is hardly worth while to hunt down individual passages of exceptional facility. Classical literature has left its stamp ineffaceably on a range of English poetry wide enough to render such labour unnecessary.

24. It may not be out of place here to add, that in translating a passage for the eye of an examiner it is not

necessary, nor often desirable, to begin at the beginning or to end with what stands last. As a rule, begin with what you can do best. Look out for some phrase where you may satisfy yourself, and a happy hit thus secured will often encourage you to succeed in more doubtful matter. It is, however, rather important that the close should be good, and this is worth while spending some pains upon. In poetry, as in oratory, the peroration should not fall flat; and even in such wax-work stuff as translations of this class, the same maxim of art applies. The rule which excludes the adjective epithet from the close of the Ovidian distich depends on a principle of general application. The last stanza or couplet is to the poem as the last word to the couplet: it occupies the place of emphasis, and should be "strong enough for the place." Accordingly the last period or distich, or other division according to the sense or the metre, should be studied early, and, of course, when it is done, in working downwards to it, the appearance of the seam should be avoided. And this advice seems to me to hold good even of prose composition, so far as it is made a test of scholarlike skill and power.

I beg to acknowledge my obligations to the Rev. J. D. Williams, late scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the Rev. E. T. Hudson, Chaplain of St. Paul's School, and to my colleagues, Mr. H. M. Jeffery, of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and Mr. J. Bedford, late scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, for many valuable hints whilst these Exercises were preparing for the press.

H. H.

N.B.—These Exercises, for the convenience alike of teachers and students, may be had either with the translations and translated passages facing each other on opposite pages in the same volume ; or the English wholly in a separate volume, and the Greek and Latin translations forming, if desired, a Tutor's Key by themselves.

ERRATA.

Page 5, line 39, *for* "Φεκαστω," *read* "Φεκάστω."

Page 13, line 62, *for* "Βορεη," *read* "Βορέη."

„ „ „ „νησους,” „ „νήσους.”

Page 43, line 1, *for* "ἐβουλομην," *read* "ἐβουλόμεν."

Page 45, line 9, *for* "ἐβούλων," *read* "ἐβούλων."

Page 49, line 4, *for* "ἐδύνατ'," *read* "ἐδύναντ'."

Page 56, add at end the following :—

"These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live."

Page 143, line 6, *for* "stet pineus æquor," *read* "stent æquora pinis."

Page 179, line 7, *for* "Sesuper," *read* "Desuper."

Page 267, line 15, *for* "Ætas," *read* "Ætas."

Section II.



GREEK EPIC HEXAMETERS.

ENGLISH POETRY FOR TRANSLATION.

I.

- (1) This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
5 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
10 Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
with me——
15 That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;

PASSAGES TRANSLATED FROM ENGLISH POETS.

I.

- (1) "This is my son, mine own Telemachus."—TENNYSON.

Τῖός ἄρ' οὗτος ἐμὸς, τὸν ἐγὼ πέρι κῆρι φίλησα,
 σκῆπτρά τε Φοι δώσω φορέειν, νήσοιο Φανάσσειν,
 Τηλέμαχος· μάλα γὰρ πεπνυμένος ἐστὶ τελέσσαι
 εὖ καὶ ἐπισταμένως πόνον, ἀνδράσιν ἀγριοφώνοις
 5 πρηῦνεν τε νόον χρόνῳ ὀψέ περ, ἥδ' ἐδ' ἀμάσσαι
 ἦκα παρακλινθέντας ἐπ' αἴσιμα καὶ φρένας ἐσθλὰς·
 κείνου δ' οὐ τοι ἐγὼν ἐπιμέμφομαι· ἦ γὰρ οὔτω
 ἤμενον ἐν μέσσοις, ταμίην ὧς, αἴσιμα νείμαι,
 ἐκτελέσαι θ' ἂν ΦέΦοικε μετ' ἀνδράσιν, ἥδ' ἐθεοῖσιν
 10 ῥέξαι, ἐπεὶ κε θάνω, τοῖς δὴ τότε δῶμα μέμηλεν.
 κείνῳ γὰρ τὰ Φὰ Φέργα, ἐμοὶ δ' ἐμὰ Φεργάζεσθαι·
 τῇδε μὲν ἔστι λίμνη· ἅμα δὲ πλησίστιος οὖρος,
 καὶ περὶ χέρσῳ πόντος ἀπείριτος ἐστεφάνωται
 πορφύρων· ὑμεῖς δ' ἔταροι, ἐπεὶ οὐ τι πάρος γε
 15 ἐκτελέσαι κακοὶ ἦτε νόον Φέργον τε Φέπος τε,
 μειλιχίως δὲ Διὸς ποτιδέγμενοι εἴ τε κέρανον
 εἴ τ' αἶθρην, μάλα δ' αἰὲν ἐλευθέρῳ ὅσσε καὶ ἦτορ
 σχόντες· ἐγὼ μὲν φημι γέροντ' ἐμὲ, φημι καὶ ὕμμε,
 ἀλλ' οὐ πάγχυ γ' ἄΦεργον ἰδ' ἀκλεὲς ἔπλετο γῆρας.
 20 πρὶν δ' ἥξειν θανάτοιο τέλος, τό γε πᾶσι τέτυκται,
 δεῖ τελέσαι μέγα Φέργον ὃ χ' ἡμέων ἄξιον εἶη
 οὐ πρὶν γ' ἀθανάτοισι εἰώθαμεν ἱφι* μάχεσθαι.

* The digamma in this word appears to be inconstant in Homer's usage. See *Iliad* I. 151, and comp. II. 720.

- Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
Death closes all : but something ere the end,
20 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
25 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
30 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down ;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
35 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON.

- νῦν δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ἡϊόνων πυρὰ φαίνεται, ἦλθε δ' ἔπ' ἡμαρ
 δείελον, ἦκ' ἀνέβη δὲ σελήνη, καὶ πολυφήμου
 25 ἀμφὶς ἀκούμεν ἔστιν ἀγαστόνου Ἀμφιτρίτης.
 εἰ δ' ἄγερ', οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ὄψ' ἔλιν τόσον ἔπλετο καινὴν
 γαῖαν ἐποψομένοις, ἐς πόντον βάλλεθ' ἐταῖροι
 νῆα θοήν, ὑμεῖς δ' εὖ ἐπὶ κληῖσιν ἔτοιμοι,
 ἐξῆς ἐξόμενοι πολλὴν ἄλλα τύπτειτ' ἐρετμοῖς·
 30 καὶ γὰρ ἐμοὶ νόος ἔσθ' ὑπὲρ Ὠκεάνοιο λóετρα.
 Γέσπερον ἐκπεράαν, εἴως κ' ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσω.
 τίς Φοῖδ' εἰ πελάγεσσιν ὑπόβρυχες ἐξαπόλοισθε,
 ἦ καὶ εἰ μακάρων ποτὶ νήσους σχοῦτε μολόντες,
 ὀφθαλμοῖσι Φιδέσθαι ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα,
 35 τόν τε πάλαι Φίδμεν; πολλοῦ γ' ἀπολωλότης ἀνδρῶν
 πουλὺ λελειπται ὅμως· ἐπεὶ οὐ μένει ἔμπεδος ἡμῖν,
 οἷη Φῖς πάρος ἔσκειν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσιν,
 οἷη που γαῖάν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἐστυφέλιξεν·
 εἰμὲν δ' οἷαπέρ εἰμεν· ἐνὶ στήθεσφι Φεκάστῳ
 40 τοῖον ἐνέστακται Φῖσον μένος ἡρώεσσιν,
 γῆρας δ' αὖ δαμάα στυγερὴ δέ τ' ἐπέχραεν αἶσα·
 ἀλλὰ σιδήρεός ἐστι νόος τε καὶ ἔνδοθεν ἦτορ,
 ζητεῖν τε, κρατέειν θ', εὐρεῖν τε καὶ οὐ κεκακῶσθαι.

II.

(2) To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :

“It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro’ the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.

5 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.”

So saying, from the ruin’d shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,

10 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping
down

By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

TENNYSON.

II.

- (2) "To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere."—TENNYSON.

Τὸν δ' ἄρα θαρσήσας προσέφη θεράπων Ἐτεωνεύς·
 "οὐχὶ Φέφοικε, Φάναξ, σε φίλων ἄπο μῶνον ἔοντα
 ἔνθα λιπεῖν, δεινὸν δὲ κορὺς χάλκῳ δεδάϊκται
 καὶ γὰρ ῥ' ἔλκος ἔχων σμικρῷ μέγαλ' ἂν βλαφθείη.

- 5 πάντα δ' ἐγὼ μάλα σοι τελέσω νόον, ἡδὲ φυλάξω
 ὅσσα Φίδω, καὶ ῥεῖ' ἀπελεύσομαι ἄγγελος αὐτῖς."

ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐκ νηοῦ καταστραφθέντος ὄρουσεν,
 βῆ δὲ διέξ αὐλῆς ὅθι σήματα φῆνε σελήνῃ,
 ὅσπερ δὲ φθιμένων τὸ πρὶν γε πελώρια κεῖτο

- 10 ἡρώων· λιγὺ δ' αἰὲν ἐπὶ Ζέφυρος κελάδησεν
 ποιντόφιν, ὀκρυόεις δ' ἐπ' ἀφρόν κέχυτ' ἥλιθα πουλὺς.
 αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἦλθ' ἀν' ὁδοὺς καταβὰς μάλα παιπαλοέσσας,
 πολλὰ δ' ἐνὶ σπιλάδεσσι πάραντά τε δόχμιά τ' ἦλθεν,
 εἰς ὃ κε μαρμαρέης ἐπὶ λίμνης ἤνυσε πόντον.

III.

- (3) Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
5 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
10 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good shall follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
15 An act unprofitable, against himself?
The king is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? But were this kept,
20 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
25 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime

III.

(3) "Then went Sir Bedivere the second time."—TENNYSON.

- Αὐτὰρ ὁ δεύτερον αὖτις ἔεν θεράπων Ἑτεωνεὺς,
 βῆ δ' ἀκέων, κνημὸν περάσας, παρὰ θίνα θαλάσσης·
 ψηφίδας δ' ὃ γε μυδαλέας πεμπάζετ' ἐφέρση
 πολλὰς, πολλὰ δέ Φοι κραδίη πόρφυρε κιόντι·
 5 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κόπην θηήσατο, θαῦμα Φιδέσθαι,
 οἶον ἐπήσκητο χρυσῷ τ' ἐπικεκράαντο,
 χερσὶ τε συμπλατάγησε, Φέπος τ' ἔφατ', ὦμωξέν τε·
 "εἰ δ' ἄρ' ἀποπροέω ρίψας ξίφος, ὦ μοι ἐπειτὰ
 ἧ κεν ἀρίγνωτον μέγα τίμιον ἔσθλὸν ἄγαλμα
 10 ὦλετ' ἄφιστον ὀπίσσω ἐπὶ χθονὶ, καὶ πολέεσσι
 θηήσασθαι καλόν. ἐπεὶ τί κρήγυνον ἔσται
 εἰ τό γε ῥεχθείη; τί δ' ἄρ' εἰ τό γε μὴ ῥεχθείη
 πῆμ'; ἄλλ' αὐτό γε τοῦτο μέγιστον πῆμα Φάνακτι
 μηδ' ἐθέλειν πείθεσθ', ἐπεὶ οὐ τί πω ἔστί Φανάσσειν
 15 μηδέ γε πειθομένοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν. ἀλλὰ κελεύει
 Φέργ' ἀσύφηλα Φάναξ Φοι δ' αὐτῷ πῆματ'· ἐπεὶ τὸν
 νοῦσος ἔχει κρατερὴ Φέργων δ' ἄρα κείται ἄφιδρις.
 τίς δ' ἄρ' μνημοσύνη, τί δὲ τέκμωρ ἔσται ὀπίσσω
 κοιράνου; ἐν δοιῇ δ' ἔσεται, κένα εὖγματα Φεῖπειν
 20 ἧ κλέος ἔσθλὸν ἔχειν. εἰ δ' αὖ κειμήλιον εἴη
 τὸ ξίφος ἐν μεγάροισι διοτρεφέων βασιλῆων,
 τῷ κ' ἄρα τις δείξει ἐπ' ἀέθλῳ πειρηθεῖσιν
 ἀνδράσιν ἀλλήλων, καὶ πού τοιαῦτ' ἀγόρευοι
 "Ἀρτούρου μὲν ἄορ τόδ' ἀθέσφατον αἰὲν ἀΦαγές·
 25 τῷ ποτε δαιδάλλεσκ' ὅλοον ξίφος ἡμένη οἴῃ
 λίμνης ἐν πελάγεσσι βαθείης πότνια νύμφη,*

To all the people, winning reverence.

But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,

30 And hid Excalibur a second time,

And so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :

"What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

35 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,

And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,

Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !

40 Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widow'd of the power in his eye

That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,

In whom should meet the offices of all,

45 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl

Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.

Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,

And the third time may prosper, get thee hence ;

50 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,

I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,

And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,

ἐννέωρος δ' ὀρέων ἐπὶ βένθεσι τεύχε' καμουσα·
ὥς κ' ἄρα τις Φεῖποι, πάντων δ' ἄπο κῦδος ἄροιτο·
τοῦ δ' ἄρα νῦν κλέος εὐρύ κεν ὤλετο καὶ φάτις ἀνδρῶν.

- 30 ὥς ἄρ' ἔφη πλαγχθεὶς ἀεσίφρονα θυμὸν ὁμίχλη·
αὐτὰρ δ' μακρὰ βιβὰς βασιλῇ ἐπὶ βλήμενον οὕτως,
δεύτερον αὐτὶς ἄορ κρύψας μέγα βῆ δηθύνων,
ἐντροπαλιζόμενος, ὀλίγον γόνυ γουνὸς ἀμείβων.

τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἀρτοῦρος προσέφη κεκαφηότι θυμῷ.

- 35 “ἐξάυδα, τί δ' ἀκουσας, ὅπως δ' ἤντησας ὀπωπῆς.”
τὸν δ' ἄρα θαρσήσας προσέφη θεράπων Ἑτewνεὺς·
“κύματ' ἐγὼν ἤκουσα πατάσσουντ' ἐν σπιλάδεσσιν,
φρικὰ δ' ἐγὼ κελαρύζουσαν μέγαλ' ἐν δονάκεσσιν.”

τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη κρείων Ἀρτοῦρος·

- 40 “σχέτλιε, νηλεὲς ἦτορ ἔχων, ἐψευσμέν', ἐταίρων
οὐ Φειδῶς νέμεσίν τε καὶ αἴσχεα. ὦ μοι ἔπειτα·
πρὶν θανέειν ὀλιγοδρανέοντα λέλοιπε Φάνακτα
σκῆπτρόν τ' ἠδὲ θέμιστες, ἐπεὶ μένεος χηρώθη
τὸ πρὶν ἐπέγναμψεν μὲν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι δεδηὸς
45 πάντας· Φοῖδά σ' ὁποῖος ἔσθθ' ἀπερ, οὐδέ με λήθεις
καὶ σὺ γὰρ ὕστατος ᾧδε μόνος περὶ μούνῳ ἐταίρων,
ὃν μάλα μοι πάντων χρέω Φέργα παρασχέμεν οἶον,
κώπη ἐπ' ἀργυρῇ κε Φεκὼν ἀπάφοιο Φάνακτα·
ἦε φιλοκτέανός γε, ἢ ὄμμασιν ἦντε κούρη

- 50 μὰψ αὐτῶς ἐπὶ Φῆρα φέρων· ἀλλ' ἔστι γὰρ ἀνδρὰ
δὺς ἀΦάσαντα τρίτον γ' ἐπ' ἀμείνουνα προτραφθῆναι,
Φέρρ' οὕτως· μοὶ δὲ προέμεν ξίφος ἦν σὺ μεγέρης,
αὐτῖκα χερσὶν ἐμῇσιν ἀναστάς σ' ἐξεναρίξω.”

ἦ, καὶ βῆ δ' αὖ θέειν θεράπων εὖς, αὐτὶκ' ἀναστάς·

- 55 καὶ δὲ θόρεν κνημοὺς, ἐπιάλμενος ἐν δονάκεσσιν
ρεῖ· ὁ δὲ συμμάρψας κώπην στρεφεδινήσας τε

- 55 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an
arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
60 By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur.

TENNYSON.

*Γῖφ' ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐήκε· σελήνης δὲ κτυπὲν αἶγλη
 δεινὸν ἄορ τανύηκες ἐλάμπετο μαρμαρύγαισιν·
 ἀστερόπαις δ' ἐλελιχθὲν, ὁδὸν τ' ἀνὰ αἰθέρα κάμψαν,
 60 αἶξασκε μετήορον· ὥς δ' ὅταν ἄντολαι ἄστρον
 ἐκ Βορέου φαίνωσ', ἀπὸ δὲ σπινθήρες ἔωνται
 πολλοὶ, ἐπεὶ χειμῶν Βορέῃ νήσους συνέΓαξε
 ἐννυχίῳ πλωτὰς, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε πόντος ὑπ' αὐτῶν,
 ὥς δειν' ἄστραψαν ξίφος ὄβριμον ἔμπεσε λίμνη.

* See note on p. 3.

Section II.



GREEK IAMBICS.

IV.

- (1) How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
- 5 Sit, Jessica : Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :
- 10 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKSPEARE.

IV.

- (1) “How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!”

SHAKSPEARE.

- ἰδοῦ, σελήνη, φῶς ὑπνωδὲς, ὡς ἀβρῶς
 ἔθελξεν ὄχθην· ἐνθάδ' οὖν καθημένω
 ἔρπειν δι' ὧτων μουσικὴν ἑάσομεν·
 χορδῶν γέ τοι θέλγητρον εὐλύρων πρέπει
 5 αὐτῇ τε νυκτὶ νηνέμοις τε χαρμοναῖς.
 κάθησ'· ἐπ' οὐδεῖ, φῶς πυκνόστικτον, Διὸς
 χλίδημα πινάκων χρυσοκόλλητον βλέπεις,
 Ἰεσσίκη· σάφ' ἴσθι δ', ὦν ὀρᾶς κύκλων
 οὐδ' οὐλάχιστος ἔστιν ὅστις οὐ βάσιν
 10 στρωφῶν ῥυθμίζει σύμμετρ', ὡς θεὸς, μέλη,
 εὐῶψιν ἀντίμολπα δαιμόνων χόροις.
 τοιάδε δίοις ἐμπέφυκε μουσικὴ
 ψυχαῖς· ἕως δ' ἂν πηλόπλασθ' ἔρκη, δέμας
 φράξῃ φθιτόν νιν, οὐχ οἰοί τ' ἔσμεν κλύειν.

V.

- (2) I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds and seas ; yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore :
Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
- 5 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myself, and suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate !
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd ?
- 10 To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame, if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds ;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
- 15 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
To all posterity may stand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc'd.
- 20 But in my country where I most desire,

V.

- (2) "I see thou art implacable, more deaf."—MILTON.

κάτοιδα σ' ὄντ' ἄτεγκτον· ὥς θύελλα γὰρ
 εὐχὴν ἀκούεις, ἢ κλύδων θαλάσσιος.
 ὅμως θυέλλη πρὸς κλύδων· εἰσὶν χρόνῳ
 κλύδωνι τ' αὐτῷ πρὸς πέτραι διαλλαγαί.

- 5 σὺ δ' αὖ χαράσσει, κἀγρίου τυφῷ δίκην
 ἄπαιστον ὀργῆς σπλάγχχον οὐ μαλάσσεται·
 τί προσπίτνουσά σ' ἰκέτις εἰρήνης τυχεῖν
 οὐδὲν ταπεινωθεῖσα καρπούμαι πλέον
 ἀπώσεως τε καὶ πικρᾶς ἀτιμίας;

- 10 ἀγηλατούμαι δ', ὥς ἀπόπτυστον κάρα,
 κακῶς προπεμφθεῖς, ὄνομα δυσφημούμενον.
 οὐδὲν τὰ λοιπὰ πραγμάτων τῶν σῶν ἐμοὶ
 μέτεστι, τὰ μὰ δ' οὐ τοσόνδ' αἰσχύνομαι.
 φήμη γὰρ, εἰ καὶ μὴ πρόσωπ' ἔχει διπλᾶ,

- 15 ἀμφίστομος, τὰ πλεῖστα κηρύξας ἔπη
 ἐναντίαις σάλπιγξι, κἀπ' ἀμφοῖν πτεροῖν
 , (μελανόπτερος γὰρ, θᾶτερ αὖ λευκόπτερος)
 ὀνόματ' αἰσσει σέ μιν ἄγους' ἂν αἰθέρα.

- ἴσως δὲ τοῦνομ' ἐν περιτμηθεῖσί γε
 20 τοῦμόν γένοιτ' ἂν τοῖς μεθυστέροις αἰεὶ
 δυσώνυμον κἀραῖον, ὥς γαμήλιον
 πίστιν προδοῦσης, δεινὰ λοιδορουμένης·
 ὦν δ' ἂν μάλιστ' ἔπαινον εὐχολίμην λαβεῖν,
 ἐμφυλίων γ', οὐ δυσκλεὲς ἀκούσομαι

I shall be nam'd among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
25 Above the faith of wedlock bands ; my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers ;
Nor less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd.

MILTON.

- 25 γυνή 'ν γυναιξί· κὰν ἑορταῖσιν θεῶν
καὶ ζῶσα καὶ θανοῦσα μακαρισθήσομαι,
πορθοῦντος ἥτις πατρίδ' ἐκσῶσαι δορὸς
πίστεως τε κὰμῶν μᾶλλον εἰλόμην λεχῶν.
ἡνθισμένον δὲ τύμβον, ἐπετείου χάριν
- 30 εὐοσμίας λάβοιμ' ἂν, οὐχ ἥσσουν κλέους
λαχοῦσ' ἂν ἥπερ Ἐφραῖμίτις γυνή,
κρατὸς διαμπὰξ ἥτις ἀξένοις δόλοις
ἥρασεν ἥλους Σισάρα κοιμώμενω.

VI.

(3) To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :

“ Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !
Authority forgets a dying king,

5 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;

10 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence ;
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
15 I will arise and slay thee with my hands.”

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great
brand

20 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an
arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.

25 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur.

TENNYSON.

VI.

- (3) "To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath."

TENNYSON.

πρὸς ὃν χαραχθεὶς πόλλ' ἄναξ ἡμείψατο
 "φεῦ·

τρισάθλι' ὤμοφρόν τε, καὶ ψευδήγορε,
 προδοὺς ἑταίρων πίστιν, οὐ πείθαρχος ὢν
 ὦμοι, λελησται κειμένου ταγοῦ κράτος,

- 5 φρένας δὲ κάμψαν ὄμμα χηρεῦει σθένους
 πειστηρίου· κάτοιδ' αὖ σ' ὅστις εἶ· σὺ γὰρ,
 μουνός γ' ἑταίρων ὕστατος λειφθεὶς μόνῳ,
 πάντων δίκαιος ὢν ὑπηρετεῖν ὕπερ,
 θέλεις προδοῦναί μ' ἀγλαᾶς μίσθῳ λαβῆς·

- 10 χρῦσον προτιμῶν, κουφόνουν ἦτοι χάριν
 ὄψεως, γύναιον ὥσπερ· ἀλλ', ἔξεστι γὰρ
 δις ἀνδρὰ μὲν σφαλέντα γ' ὀρθοῦσθαι τρίτον,
 ἔρρ'· ἦν δέ μοι σὺ τὸ ξίφος ῥίψαι φθονῆς,
 ἔγωγ' ἀναστὰς αὐτόχειρ σφάξω σ' ἐλών·"

- 15 ὃδ' οὖν ἀναστὰς προὔδραμεν σπουδῇ ποδῶν,
 ῥάχεις δ' ἄν' ἄλμα κουφίσας, βύβλοις μέτα
 ἐνέθορεν· ἀρπάξας δὲ καλίσας βία
 ξίφος προῆκε· μυρί' ἥστραψεν βέλος
 αὐγαῖς σελήνης αἰόλον· ῥιπαῖσι δὲ
 20 πυκναῖσι τροχοδινηθὲν, ἐπικυκλοῦν στροφᾶς,
 διέπταθ', οἷον ἄστρον εἰλίσσον φλόγα
 ἀπ' ἀντολῶν Ἀρκτῶον, ἥνικ' ἐννύχῳ
 χειμῶνος ὥρᾳ κεροτυπουμένων βία
 βέβρυχε πόντος Βορεάδων Συμπληγάδων·
 25 οὕτως ἔλαμψεν ἐμπίτρινον λίμνη ξίφος.

VII.

(4) *Juliet*.—Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near
day :

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :

5 Believe me, love, 'it was the nightingale.

Romeo.—It was the lark, the herald of the
morn,

No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund Day

10 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ;

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul.—Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

15 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

SHAKSPEARE.

VII.

(4) “ Wilt thou be gone ? It is not yet near day.”

SHAKSPEARE.

ΙΟΥΛ. ἄπει σὺ δῆτ' ; ἀλλ' οὐκέτ' ἦν ὄρθρος βαθὺς,
φθέγμασι δ' ἀηδών, οὔ τι κόρυδος, ἔμφοβων
διῆλθεν ὥτων σοι κατηρεφῇ μυχόν,
ἥτις γε νύκτας εὖστομεί ροίας ἄπο.

5 ἔκλυες ἀηδοῦς τῆσδέ τοι, πιθοῦ, φίλε.

ΡΩΜ. κόρυδος μὲν οὖν ἦν, ἡμερᾶς εὐάγγελος,
οὐκ ἦν ἀηδών· νῦν νέφη τάντηλια
βαφαῖσι λαμπραῖς, νυκτὸς ὥς φθόνῳ, φίλη,
ἰδοὺ, διέστη, καξόλωλεν ἀστέρων

10 ὥς ἐκκαεισὼν λαμπάδων ἥδη φάος.

ὄρη θ' ὑγρώσσοντ' ἐμβεβῶσ' ἄκρων ἔπι*
εὐὼψ ἔτεγξεν ἡμέρα· φυγόντι δὴ
ζῆν ἐσθ' ἔτοιμον, καὶ μένοντι κατθανεῖν.

ΙΟΥΛ. οὐκ ἦν, ἐγῶδα, κεῖν' ἀπ' ἀντολῶν φάος·

15 ἀλλ' οἶον ἀτμὸν γῆς ἀνῆκεν ἥλιος

σὲ μὲν προπέμψων, νυκτὶ δαδουχοῦν σέλας,
πρὸς Μαντύαν· μέν' οὖν σύ' μὴ φθάσης ἰών.

* Comp. Soph. *Aj.* 1230.

VIII.

- (5) Soft, you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know
it;
No more of that :——I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
5 Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
10 Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum: set you down this :
15 And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat, the circumcisèd dog,
And smote him——thus.

SHAKSPEARE.

VIII.

(5) "Soft, you; a word or two before you go."—SHAKSPEARE.

- λέγειν μ' ἔατε, πρὶν μολεῖν ὑμᾶς, βραχύ·
 εὐεργέτη τιν' οἷδέ μοι πόλις χάριν
 χαίρειν δ' ἐὼ τόδ'· ἀλλ', ἐπιστολαῖς ὅταν
 δύστηνα συγγράψῃσθε ταῦτα ῥήματα,
 5 ἐμοῦ γ' ἀληθεύοιτε, λίσσομαι, πέρι.
 μῆδ' οὖν ὑποστείλῃσθε μῆθ' ὑμεῖς λόγῳ
 φαῦλόν τι θῆσθε· δείκνυναί μ' ἄρ' ἂν δέοι
 ἐρῶντ' ἄγαν τι κοῦ τι σῶφρονος μέτρῳ·
 ψυχρόν τιν' αὖ πρὸς ζῆλον, ἀλλ', ἀλόνθ' ἅπαξ,
 10 νοσοῦντα τᾶσχαθ', ὥστ' ἀπορῥίψαι χερὶ
 στυγνῇ, ποιηροῦ* πῶς Ἰουδαίου δίκην,
 τὸν μαργαρίτων πλουσιώτερον γένους·
 οὐδ' ὄμματ' εὐφύλακτα, κοῦκ εἰθισμένα
 ἔθη γε μαλθάκ', ἀρτιδάκρυ' ἐσθ' ὅμως,
 15 καῖστακτὶ λείβει ῥεῦμ', ὅσον πίπτει δάκρυ
 πευκῆεν Ἀράβων ἐν νάπαις· τοσαῦτά μοι
 γράφεσθε· καὶ πρὸς, ἐντυχεῖν ποτ' ὄντ' ἐμὲ
 ἐν τοῖς Ἀλέπποις ἀνοσίῳν τινι ξένων,
 ὃς δὴ τιάραν ἀμπέχων κακὸς κακῶς
 20 ἦκισέ τι' Ἐνέτων ἀνδρὰ λοιδορῶν πόλιν,
 πνίξαντά δ' αὐτόχειρα βάρβαρον κύνα,
 σφάξαι τοιοῦτον ἕτερον.

* See note on XVI., (5) 5.

IX.

- (6) Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of mis-used wine,
After the 'Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
5 On Circe's island fell; (who knows not Circe
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grov'lling swine)
This nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
10 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus
nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
15 Roving the Celtic and Iberian field,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood.

MILTON.

IX.

(6) "Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape."—MILTON.

- Διόνυσος, οἶνον βότρυος ἔξ ὀπωρίνου
 ὃς ἐξέθλιψε πρῶτος ἡδὺ φάρμακον,
 ἐσθλὸν παραλλαχθέν γε, Τυρσηνῶν ἐπεὶ
 ναῦται φυὴν ἤμειψαν, Αἰτναίοις τόποις
 5 χριμφθεὶς μὲν, αὔρας ποντίας πρὸς ἡδόνην,
 Κίρκης κάτεσχε νῆσον (ἡλίου κόρην
 τίς οὐχὶ Κίρκην οἶδεν ; ἥς γε φάρμακα
 εἴ τις ῥοφοῖ κρητῆρος, εὐθὺς ἐκπεσὼν
 ὀρθῆς φυῆς πρὸς κάπρον ἡνέχθη* χάμαι
 10 βλέποντα πρηνῆς)· ἡ δ' ἐπεὶ νύμφη κάρᾳ
 ἀνθοῦν κατεῖδε βοστρύχοις τε καὶ πλοκῇ
 πυκνῶν κορύμβων κισσίνων, διπλῇν χλιδὴν
 ἥβης σφριγώσης, ἔτεκεν ἔξ αὐτοῦ τέκνον.
 πρὶν γῆς ἀπιέναι, πατρὶ δὴ ἔμφερεστάτου,
 15 μᾶλλον δὲ μητρὶ τοῦτον ἐκθρέψασα μὲν
 ὠνόμασε Κῶμον, ὃς ποτ', ἀκμάσας ὕβρει,
 οἶον γ' ἔφηβος τυγχάνων, φοιτῶν πέδον
 Κελτῶν τ' Ἰβηρίων τε, δυσφήμους στέγας
 κάτεσχεν ὕλης τῆςδε σὺν χρόνῳ μολῶν.

* For *ἀν* omitted, to indicate the certainty of the immediate consequence, see Donaldson's *Gr. Gr.* 502 (*cc*).

X.

- (7) *Lear*.—Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
- 5 Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: do not laugh at me;
- 10 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
- Cordelia*.—And so I am, I am.
- Lear*.—Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith, I pray,
weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
- 15 I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

SHAKSPEARE.

X.

(7) “Pray, do not mock me.”—SHAKESPEARE.

ΛΕΑΡ. μὴ σκῶμμα θέσθε πρὸς θεῶν γέροντ' ἐμέ·
 ξύννοιδα ληρῶν κὺν βέβαιος ὦν φρένας,
 οἷ' ὀγδοήκοντ' ἢ πλέον ζήσας ἔτη.

φόβος δὲ μὴ νοῦν, ὥς ἀπλῶ λόγῳ, σφαλεῖς
 5 τύχῳ· δοκῶ γάρ, σ' εἰδέναι δέον τίς εἶ,
 καὶ τόνδ', ἀδηλεῖν· οὐδὲ γὰρ μνήμων τόπου
 τοῦδ' εἰμι πάντως· οὐδὲ νοῦν ἔχω φράσαι·
 στόλῃ τίς ἦδ'· ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὅτου τυχῶν λέχους
 χθὲς ἐξενίσθην· ἀλλὰ μὴ ἔγγελατέ μοι

10 ἔχειν δοκοῦντι παῖδά μου Κορδηλίαν,
 εἴ που τι καὶ ζῶ γ' αὐτὸς, οὐδ' ἄλλην τινα,
 γυναῖκα ταύτην.

ΚΟΡΔΗΛΙΑ. ἀλλ' ἔχεις μ' ἔχεις, πατέρ.

ΛΕ. μὼν ὅμμ' ἔτεγξας ; νῆ Δί'· ἀλλὰ μὴ σύ μοι·
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι μοι σὺ φαρμάκων ἔχεις, πιεῖν

15 θέλω τόδ'· οἶδά σ' ὥς ἔμ' οὐ φιλεῖς, κόρη,
 ὁμαίμονες γὰρ—εὖ τὸδ' ἐμνήσθην—σέθεν,
 ἔμ' ἠδίκησαν· αἶδε μὴν ἀναίτιον,
 σὺ δ' αἴτιον μέρος τι.

XI.

- (8) Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones :
5 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

SHAKSPEARE.

XI.

- (8) “ Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.”

SHAKESPEARE.

ἄνδρες, πολῖται καὶ φίλοι, Ῥώμης τροφή,
 ἀκούσατ'· οὐ πάρειμι Καίσαρ' αἰνέσων
 τάφῳ δὲ κρύψων. ζῇ τὸ μὲν ῥεχθὲν κακὸν
 ῥέξαντι περιγενόμενον, ἀλλὰ τ'ἀγάθ' ἂν
 5 ἐνεργέτων ὅστοίσι συνταφέντ' ἴδοις·
 ταῦτ' ἂν πάθοι καὶ Καῖσαρ· εὐγενὴς ὅμως •
 Βρούτος κατεῖπε Καίσαρ' ὥς φρονούντ' ἄγαν·
 εἰ τοῦτ' ἀληθὲς, Καῖσαρ ἤμαρτεν μέγα,
 δίκην δὲ μεγάλην ἐξέτισεν αἰτίας.

XII.

- (9) O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
5 And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
10 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

SHAKESPEARE.

XII.

- (9) "O Antony! beg not your death of us."—SHAKESPEARE.

Ἀντώνι', ἡμᾶς μὴ σύ γ' αἰτήσῃ θανεῖν,
καίπερ φανῆναι φοινίους χῶμους δέον
τανῦν, ὀρωμένοις γε πρὸς χέρας μόνον
καὶ πρὸς τὰ νῦν ῥεχθέντα· σοὶ δ' ἰδεῖν πάρα

5 χέρας τε μῦνον αὐτοχεῖρά τε σφαγὴν·
κέαρ δ' ἄφαντον· ἔχομεν ἑλεεινὸν κέαρ·
οἶκτος δὲ Ῥώμης κοινὸν ἡδίκημένης
(ὥς' γὰρ τὸ πῦρ πῦρ οἶκτος οἶκτον ἐξελαῖ)
ἔρεξε τοῦτο Καίσαρα· ξίφη δέ σοι,

- 10 Ἀντώνι', αἰχμᾶς ἐστὶν ἐσφαιρωμένα·
χεῖρες δὲ, καίπερ ἐς βλαβὴν ὥπλισμένοι,
καὶ σπλάγχν' ὁμαίμον' εὐφρόνως σ' εἰσδέξεται
πρὸς ἀγαθὰ, πρὸς στέργηθρα, πρὸς τ' αἰδῶ φρενῶν.

XIII.

- (10) I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
5 There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
So, in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
10 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion : and, that I am he.
Let me a little show it, even in this ;
15 That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

SHAKSPEARE.

XIII.

(10) "I could be well mov'd, if I were as you."—SHAKSPEARE.

καγὼ πιθολίμην,* εἴπερ ὥς ὑμεῖς ἐγώ·
 τοὺς γονυπετεῖς δὲ, προσπίτνειν ἀμήχανος,
 οὐκ ἦνεσ'· ἄστηρ δ' οἶος ἐμπρέπων πόλῳ
 ἀσάλευτος, ἄλλων ἐν τροπαῖς ἡσκημένων,
 5 ἔσθηκε μῦθος, τοῖος οὖν ἐγώ· βλέπεις
 ἀνήριθμον ποίκιλμα τῶν ἐν αἰθέρι
 κύκλων, ἅπασι δ' ἔμπυρον λάμπει σέλας·
 ἀλλ' ἐξ ἀπάντων οὐρανῷ μεσόμφαλος
 εἰς ἔσθ'· ὁμοίως δ' ἀνδράσιν τὴν γῆν ὀράς
 10 βρύουσαν, οἷς σὰρξ, αἷμα, καὶ φρενῶν μέρος·
 πάντων δ' ἐν' ἀνδρῶν οἶδ' ἀκίνητον μόνον,
 οὗτ' ἐκπεσόντα τάξεως· κείνος δ' ἐγώ,
 ἀσυμπαθὴς τροπαῖσι, καυτάρκης στάσει.
 κἀνταῦθα πείραν, ὥς λόγῳ σμικρῷ, λαβεῖν
 15 ἔξεστι· δόξαν Κίμβρον ἐξελᾶν πάλαι
 χθόνος, δοκεῖ νῦν ταῦτό, μὴ λῦσαι φυγῇν.

* For the optative, with potential force, unaccompanied by ἂν comp. Soph. *Aj.* 921, ποῦ Τεῦκρος; ὥς ἀκμαῖος, εἰ βαίῃ, μόλοι, and Eurip. *Phænis.* (Porson) 1216—7, εἰ δ' ἔμεινον οἱ θεοὶ γνώμην ἔχουσιν, εὐτυχὴς εἶην ἐγώ.

XIV.

- (11) Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die,
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
5 My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce
law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
10 Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives : do thou for thine own soul the rest.

TENNYSON.

XIV.

- (11) “ Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes.”

TENNYSON.

Γένεφρα, παρῆναι μὴ δόκει κατήγορον,
 μήτ' ἐμέ γ' ἀραῖον οἷς ἔδρας· σχέδον τι γὰρ
 μέγ' οἰκτίσας σ' ἂν κατθανεῖν χρήζοιμ', ὄρων
 κára σε θείσαν ὧδε χρυσαυγές, τὸ πρὶν
 5 χλίδημ' ἐμόν ποτ' ὀλβίου, ποδῶν πάρος.
 μεθήκα δ' ὀργῆς ἥ με προύτρεψεν φρονεῖν
 ὤμου προδοσίᾳ κειμένου θεσμοῦ πέρι,
 κρίσεως πυρὸς, μαθόντα σ' ὧδε λανθάνειν·
 καὶ φροῦδον ἄλγος ἐκ μέρους, δακρυμάτων
 10 πῆγη ζεσάντων καρδίαν σταθμῶντι σὴν
 ταύτῃ, λαχούσῃ πίστεως μείζον μέρος
 ἢ χυπόνοϊαν σῆς ἀπιστίας λαβεῖν.
 καὶ φροῦδα πάνθ' ἡμαρτες· οἳ ἡμάρτανες·
 ἴλεων δ' ἐμ' ἔξεις, καμὲ καὶ τὸν ζῶντ' ἀεὶ
 15 θεόν· μέλσι σοι τὰλλα σῶν ἔνδον φρενῶν.

XV.

- (12) The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
5 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
10 But mercy is above this sceptr'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKSPEARE.

XV.

(12) "The quality of mercy is not strain'd."—SHAKESPEARE.

- αἰδῶς ἀνάγκης οὐ νόμοις κατὰσχετος,
 ἀλλ' ἥδ', ὅποιον οὐρανοῦ δρόσος χθόνα
 ἡδεῖα τέγγει προσπесоῦς, εὐεργετεῖ
 τὸν δρῶντα τὸν παθόντα τ' αὖ, διπλῇ χάρις·
 5 κὰν φερτάτοισι φερτάτη, καθημένῳ
 θρόνοις τυράννῳ στέμματος πρέπει πλέον·
 ἐφήμερον θώπευμα τὸ σκήπτρων κράτος,
 ἐν οἷς ἀνακτων ὑπατος ἐνθακεῖ φόβος,
 δεινὸν νόμισμα, παντέλοῦς ἀρχῆς σέβας·
 10 αἰδῶς δὲ καὐτῆς ἐκπρέπει σκηπτουχίας,
 κᾶνδον τυράννου καρδίας θάσσει θρόνους,
 πάρεδρος ἐν ἀρχαῖς Ζηνί· καὶ θνητῶν τέλη
 πρέπει θεοῖσι τήνικ' ἐμφερέστατα,
 θεσμοῖσιν αἰδῶς ἡνίκ' ἦ μεμιγμένῃ.

XVI.

- (13) I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank't in Reason's garb.
- 5 I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance ; she, good cateress,
- 10 Means her provisions only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance.

MILTON.

XVI.

(13) "I had not thought to have unlockt my lips."—MILTON.

ἐβουλόμην ἂν κλειῖδ' ἐπὶ γλώσση νέμειν,
 μέση γ' ἀνοσίων οὔσα· νοῦν εἰ* μὴ θέλοι
 γόης οἶόν περ ὄψιν ἐξελεῖν ὄδε,
 θέλγων, προβάλλον αἰσχρὰ σὺν κόμπῳ λόγων.

5 στυγῶ πονηρόν† ῥήματ' ἐκρίψαν στόμα,
 μήτ' ἀντακούσαν μηδὲν εὐτακτοῦ πάρα.
 πανούργε, μηδὲν τῇ φύσει κατηγορῆς
 μάλιστ' ἀναιτία γε, τὴν ἀσωτίαν
 ὥς εἰ κελεύοι παισὶν, ἀφθόνῳ χερὶ
 10 διδοῦσά γ' αὐτή· μηδαμῶς· οἶον δὲ χρῆ
 ἐσθλὴν δότεيران, σώφροσιν μόνον θέλει
 δοῦναι, θεμιστεύουσιν γ' εὐλαβῇ βίον,
 τηροῦσιν τ' αἰδοῦς ἐγκρατὴ σεπτὸν νόμον.

* The law of the final cretic is not violated here, since εἰ μὴ must be read as one word; comp. Eurip. *Phæn.* (Pors.) 1213, εἰ δ' εὐτυχῆς, and 1606, οὐ μὴ ποτε.

† Jelf *Gr. Gr.* § 58, 16, says that *πόνηρος* is the accentuation proper to the Attic dialect, but as this is not confirmed by Beatson and Beck in their *Indices* to the Tragedians, it has not been adopted.

XVII.

- (14) *Spirit*.—Alas ! good vent'rous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise ;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead ;
Far other arms, and other weapons must
5 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms :
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

- Elder Brother*.—Why, prythee, shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
10 As to make this relation ?

- Spi*.—Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
15 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray.

MILTON.

XVII.

(14) "Alas, good vent'rous youth."—MILTON.

ΔΑΙΜΩΝ. φεῦ·

ἐπῆνεσ' ἀνδρείας γέ σ', ὦ τέκνον, σφόδρα,
 λίαν γὰρ ἦσθ' εὐτολμος· ἀλλὰ γὰρ ξίφος
 σμικρόν γ' ἐπωφέλημα, νῦν ἄλλων ὅπλων
 ἀλκῆς δ' ἔτ' ἄλλης δεῖ πάνυ, ῥῆξαι σθένος
 5 δεινῶν ἐπωδῶν φαρμάκων τε νερτέρων.
 οὗτος τὰ σ' ἄρθρ' ἀναρθρα τῇ ῥάβδῳ μόνῃ
 στήσει, σποδήσας ἱνας.

ΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ. ἀλλὰ, βουκόλε,
 πῶς πλησιάζειν ἐς τοσοῦτ' ἔτλης ποδῖ,
 ὥς δεῦρ' ἀπαγγεῖλαι τάδ' ;

ΔΑ. εὐβούλων φρενῶν
 10 ἐπ' ἔσχατ' ἦλθον, πῶς ἀκήρατον φόβον
 δέσποιναν εὖ σώσαιμι, καμνήσθην τινος
 οὐ δὴ 'ποβλέπτου παισι βουκόλοις μέτα,
 ὅμως γε φύλλων καὶ φυτῶν μάλ' εἰδότης,
 ὅσα περ ἐῷον νεοθαλῇ σαίνει φάος,
 15 χῶσ' ἂν τρέφοι τι φαρμάκων θελκτηρίων.

XVIII.

- (15) And she abode his coming, and said to him,
With timid firmness, "Have I leave to speak?"
He said, "You take it, speaking," and she spoke :
"There lurk three villains yonder in the wood,
5 And each of them is wholly arm'd, and one
Is larger-limb'd than you are, and they say
That they will fall upon you while you pass."
To which he flung a wrathful answer back :
"And if there were an hundred in the wood,
10 And every man were larger-limb'd than I,
And all at once should sally out upon me,
I swear it would not ruffle me so much
As you that not obey me. Stand aside,
And if I fall, cleave to the better man."
15 And Enid stood aside to wait the event.

TENNYSON.

XVIII.

(15) “ And she abode his coming, and said to him.

TENNYSON.

γυνή δ' ἰόντ' ἔμιμνε, καὶ τλήμων φόβῳ,
εἶπεν, “ λέγειν ἔξεστι ; ” “ καὶ γὰρ οὖν, ’ ἔφη,
“ ἤδη λέγεις.” ἀλλ’ ἦδε, “ τρεῖς λησται νάπους
τὰ κεῖ σ’, ἕκαστος πάνοπλος ὦν, λοχῶσ’, ” ἔφη,

5 “ τρίτος δὲ κεῖνός σου μέλη μείζων ἰδεῖν,
καί σοι παραστείχοντι φασὶν ἐμβαλεῖν.”

ὁ δ’ αὖ δι’ ὀργῆς εἶπεν ἐκρίψας ἔπη·

“ ἄλλος δὲ κεῖ λοχῶεν ἑκατὸν, ἦ δ’ ἐμοῦ
μείζων ἕκαστος εἰσιδεῖν τύχοι μέλη,

10 χᾶπαντες ἐμβάλοιεν ἐκ μιᾶς μόνῳ,
μὰ Ζῆν’ ἂν ὀργίσσειέ μ’ οὐτόσον τάδε,
ὥς μοι σὺ μὴ πεισθεῖσα· νῦν μεθίστασο,
σχέσθαι δὲ τάνδρὸς, ἣν πέσω, βελτίονος.”
ἦ δ’ οὖν μεθίστατ’ Οἶνις ὡς τέλος σκοποῖ.

XIX.

- (16) Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.

GAMMER GURTON.

XIX.

(16) “Humpty Dumpty.”—GAMMER GURTON.

τοίχοισιν ἴζων θᾶκος Οὐμπτιδούμπτιος
 τάλας ἔπιπτε πτώματ' οὐκ ἀνασχετά·
 ἡ δ' οὐ βασιλέως ἵππος οὐ πέζος στράτος
 ἐδύνατ' ἀνορθοῦν αὖθις Οὐμπτιδούμπτιον.

Section III.



LATIN ELEGIACS.

XX.

- (1) Drink to me only with thine eyes
 And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
5 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
10 Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be ;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me,
15 Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON.

XX.

(1) "Drink to me only with thine eyes."—BEN JONSON.

- Nil nisi respiciens oculis mihi sicca propines,
Omen ego accipiam par referamque meis;
Oscula seu cyatho admoveas, satiabor in illo,
Nec cyatho inveniens oscula vina petam.
5 Quæ sitis est animi ætherios desiderat haustus,
Nec mens terrenas ignea passa dapes:
Sed libare Jovis liceat si pocula, mutem
Non potiore tuo nectare pocula Jovis.
Quod tibi mittebam roseas paulo ante coronas,
10 Crede, tui haud adeo pars id honoris erat,
Quam data quod poterant sero marcescere certa,
Flore tuo florem continuante rosis.
Ore fovens tremulis afflabas leniter, et mox
Floreæ quæ dederam dona recepta tuli.
15 Jam, testor superos, sua non stat gratia flori,
Quod viget et redolet muneris omne tui est.

XXI.

- (2) The rain had fallen, the Poet rose,
 He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
 A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat ;
5 And he sat him down in a lonely place,
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
 That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet.
 The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
10 The snake slipt under a spray,
 The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
 And stared, with his foot on the prey,
 And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many
 songs,
 But never a one so gay,
15 For he sings of what the world will be
 When the years have died away."

TENNYSON.

" XXI.

(2) "The rain had fallen, the Poet rose."—TENNYSON.

Sol ex imbre serenus erat, per strata viarum
 Protulit exsurgens urbe poëta pedem ;
 Mittitur e portis auræ levis horror Eöis,
 Fluctuat umbrarum per sata longa sinus.

5 Consedit solus : resonabant avia cantu
 Mox loca, dum liquido carmen ab ore dabat.
 Constitit auscultans vagus aëre cygnus, alauda
 Præcipitem ad numeros se dedit ante pedes.
 Sectatrix apium prædas neglexit hirundo,

10 Subrepsit coluber delituitque rubis.
 Obstupuit, trucia ut plumis resperserat ora,
 Ut ferus ungue dapem presserat, accipiter ;
 Et solitas recolens artes Philomela negavit,
 Unquam ita lætificos se sonuisse modos ;
 15 "Nam memorat quæ post annos ventura trahantur,
 Quid sæclo extincto fiat in orbe, canit."

XXII.

- (3) But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antic pillars massy proof,
 5 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full voic'd quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 10 As may the sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 15 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old Experience do attain
 20 To something like prophetic strain.

*These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.*

MILTON.

XXII.

(3) "But let my due feet never fail."—MILTON.

- Nec musis desim nec claustris debitus hospes :
 Sedeque pallenti sit mihi ferre pedem ;
 Dædala amem mirâ laquearia mole, columnas
 Marmoraque, artificis celsa tropæa manûs ;
 5 Mille ubi dissimulat tabulata fenestra colores,
 Saxaque sublustri religione ferit.
 Dum spirant pæana suum recinentibus infra
 Plenius altisonis organa mista choris.
 Hîc cantûs liquidâ capiar dulcedine, et ima
 10 Quod mihi corda melos diluat aure bibam ;
 Dum mihi mens super astra rapi, dum visus Olympus
 Obversari oculis stellifer ipse meis.
 Denique eremitæ sedes tutosque recessus
 Fracturus vitæ tædia longa petam ;
 15 Accola muscosæ rupi pellitus ab antro
 Rite notem, verset quot sua signa polus ;
 Quotve bibant herbæ rores ; dum munera tangam
 Fatidici doctus tempora longa senex.
 Talia, Tristitiæ numen, modo cede fruenda,
 20 Hac tibi lege libens jungar, eroque tuus.

XXIII.

- (4) Thus lived—thus died she ; never more on her
 Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
 Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
 Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
5 By age in earth ; her days and pleasures were
 Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
 Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well
 By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.
 That isle is now all desolate and bare ;
10 Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away ;
 None but her own and father's grave is there,
 And nothing outward tells of human clay ;
 Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
 No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
15 What was ; no dirge, except the hollow seas
 Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.
 But many a Greek maid in a loving song
 Sighs o'er her name ; and many an islander
 With her sire's story makes the night less long ;
20 Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her ;
 If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
 A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
 In some shape ; let none think to fly the danger,
 For, soon or late, Love is his own avenger.

BYRON.

XXIII.

(4) "Thus lived—thus died she ; never more on her."—BYRON.

Accipe quâ vitâ fuerit quâ morte, lacesset

Quam nihil æternum, cui maculamve dabit ;

Scilicet intolerans oneris, quod ferre per annos

Pectora seu menses frigidiora queant ;

5 Dum senio in cineres recidant ; sed munus amandæ

Decerpens vitæ quod breve dulce tulit ;

Nec longum sors atra dabat ; jam dormit arenâ ;

Litus amârat enim, mortua litus amat.

Insula nuda vagos defendit inhospita fluctus,

10 Cessat deciduis incola adesse casis.

Stant tumuli, patris atque suus ; sed signa sepultis

Nulla, ubi cum solâ funera solus habet.

Non tituli non testis adest ; frustra que requires

Conditâ quo lateat cæspite tanta Venus.

15 Heu fuit ! infleta et rauci est nisi murmure ponti

Dicta olim Cycladum prænituisse choris.

Mæret at hanc luctu permiscens carmen Ionis

Plurima, et extollit navita gesta viri ;

Et citius noctem sentit procedere, narrans

20 Quâ formâ virgo, qualis ad arma pater !

Perdite amâsse fuit crimen quod morte luebat ;

Tandem amor est aliquo res pretiosa modo.

Nec tibi, si quis amas, tua detrectanda pericla ;

Ocyus ultor amor serius ipse suus.

XXIV.

- (5) Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's liliated banks,
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
 Trip no more in twilight ranks,
5 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace
10 To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
 Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

MILTON.

XXIV.

(5) "Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more."—MILTON.

Ludere arenosas, nymphæ, Ladonis ad oras,

Pastoresque, inter lilia juncta vadis ;

Cyllenesque nives supra veterisque Lycæi

Desinite, et lunâ ducere teste choros.

5 Mæreat amissos quamvis Erymanthus honores,

Gratior hic operum præmia reddet ager :

Hic domus est potior, teneant ne Mænala saxis,

Quominus huc adsit cum grege quisque suo.

Amplior hic vestros expectat gratia cultus,

10 Dignior officiis huc quoque Diva vocat.

Pana sibi servum Syrinx si fecerit olim,

Hanc Syrinx dominam noverit ipsa suam.

Huic, etiam Arcadie peteret si ruris honores,

Judice at Arcadiâ debita rura forent.

XXV.

- (6) O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
I know Thou wilt me hear ;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.
- 5 The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare ;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.
She who her lovely Offspring eyes
- 10 With tender hopes and fears,
Oh bless her with a Mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears !
Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;
- 15 Bless him, Thou God of love and truth !
Up to a Parent's wish.
The beauteous seraph Sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,—
- 20 Guide Thou their steps away.
When, soon or late, they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heaven.

BURNS.

XXV.

(6) "O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above."—BURNS.

- Qui premis imperiis superos, formidine terras,
 Tu, si Te novi, non mihi surdus eris :
 Dum precor his laribus tua supplex munera, sedes
 Quas sibi Pax optat, quas sociatus Amor.
- 5 Abstineas cano capiti vim mortis, et addens
 Ultro longa seni tempora, parce patri.
 Dux gregis hic teneros sancto beet omine natos,
 Sospitis exemplar, quid sit honestus, habes.
 Quæ pulchram assiduis prolem meditatur ocellis,
- 10 Cui pia mens inter spem trepidatque metum ;
 Maternos, matri dans quod juvet, exime fletus,
 Absit ab officio pars, sine, mæsta suo.
 Qui, decus et columen, vixdum puer exit ab annis,
 Cuive dies cæpto vix rubet orta viro ;
- 15 Hunc, Tu Numen amans fidei et pietatis, amando,
 Integra dum patri sint rata vota, fove.
 Pro nuribus precor in lacrymas effusus—ab omni
 Nôsti, qui vitient, parte latere dolos—
 Nympharum decus hocce sororiaque agmina serves ;
- 20 Omnem perficiat Te duce quæque viam.
 Nactaque supremas quum serius ocyus oras
 Ibit, ut oceanum trans ratis acta, domus ;
 Gaudeat, exciderit tanto quod de grege nemo,
 Et numerum in cœlis expleat ipsa suum.

XXVI.

- (7) Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
5 There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high ;
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
10 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
15 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;
The next, with dirges due, in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 borne ;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
20 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

GRAY.

XXVI.

(7) "Haply some hoary-headed swain may say."—GRAY.

"Cernere erat juvenem vix orto lumine, (credas
De grege sic aliquem posse referre senem,)
Verrentem rapido rores pede, ut ardua saltûs
Per juga Phœbeis obvius iret equis.

5 Adve pedem fagi tremulæ, quæ mille vetustâ
Stirpe plicans nodos prodigiosa tumet;
Carpebat medio lentissimus otia sole,

Argute oblapsas ceu meditatus aquas;
Jam temere ad sylvam simulans fastidia risu

10 Ore vago nullâ frivola lege dabat;
Jam languebat inops animi, ceu perditus, aut quem
Curæ essent, expes aut agitare amor.

Quâdam destituit solitos luce advena colles,
Nescia prata viri sylvaque amata fuit;

15 Crastina lux venit; juvenis sed, ut antea, sylvæ,
Saltibus, et solitis non veniebat aquis.

Tertia deduxit funus, via sacra recepit;

Debita non deërat nænia et exequiæ:

I, neque enim indoctus, sculpto lege carmina saxo,

20 Qua vetus impositam rhamnus obumbrat humum.

XXVII.

- (8) Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to fortune, and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.
- 5 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gained from Heaven, ('twas all he wished) a
friend.
- No farther seek his merits to disclose,
10 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

XXVII.

(8) "Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth."—GRAY.

Quod caput haud olim fortuna aut fama levârat,
Hic foveat omniparens flebile terra sinu.

Non Musæ a tenui non Phœbus abhorruit ortu,
At gregis hunc scripsit Tristitia ipsa sui.

5 Largitore animo fuerat, purissimus idem,
Larga dabant Superi munera proque datis.

Qui dederat lacrymas miseris, nam plura nequibat,
In votis quod erat, Numina amica tulit.

Parce sed emeriti virtutes volvere, parcas

10 Excutere infandâ sede tacenda viri;

Illic speque metuque sinas sors pendeat anceps,
Causa sit in Patris corde reposita Dei.

XXVIII.

- (9) Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!
- 5 Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad gatherings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But *all* for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!
The banquet hath its hour,
- 10 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!
Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
- 15 And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.
- MRS. HEMANS.

XXVIII.

(9) "Leaves have their time to fall."—MRS. HEMANS.

- Tempora sunt foliis, sylvæ sua fata caducæ,
Hora est deciduis flante Aquilone rosis;
Temporibus stellæ merguntur in æquora; sed tu,
Tempora, Mors, quot eunt omnia, sola tenes.
- 5 Exercens hominum curas sol aureus exit,
Instauratque hilares serior hora focos;
Sunt sua vota etiam nocti sua somnia; at omne
Arbitrium in terris, tempus et omne, tibi est.
Hora refert epulas evantibus orgia; venis
- 10 Fervidulis hora est carminis, hora meri;
Nec caruere die frangentes pectora curæ,
Nec lacrymæ mites, omnis at hora tua est.
Te puer et nimium nascens rosa fisa colori—
Heu! non credidimus talia posse mori—
- 15 Risere; ast tibi mos prædam qui præripit omnem,
Nec nisi maturis abstinuisse juvat.

XXIX.

- (10) We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee?
- 5 Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
 They have *one* season, *all* are ours to die!
 Thou art where billows foam,
- 10 Thou art where music melts upon the air,
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth, and thou art there!
 Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
- 15 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely
 crest!
 Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
- 20 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!
- MRS. HEMANS.

XXIX.

(10) (*The same continued.*)

- Nôsse licet lunæ interitus, trans æquora vectas
 Strymonias verno tempore nôsse grues ;
 Novimus æstates et flavescencia culta,
 Sed te quo monitis omine nôsse licet ?
 5 Estne ubi jam veris violæque Favonius auctor
 Quâ lateant Floræ pignora prima monet ?
 Ante pedes ubi marcescit rosa ? Scilicet unum
 Tempus iis, nobis tempus at omne mori !
 Inter aquæ montes, miscentur ut æquora, chordas
 10 Inter ades, liquidos haurit ut aura modos.
 Otia seu quis amat Larium, strepituve virorum
 Misceri, servas tu fora tuque Lares.
 Tu necopinanti, quum conventurus amicum
 Ulmos et requiem quærit amicus, ades ;
 15 Tuque, æs quum cantu ferit astra, legitque virum
 vir,
 Adstas, Marsque apices proterit ense ducum.
 Tempora enim foliis, sylvæ sua fata caducæ,
 Hora est deciduis flante Aquilone rosis ;
 Temporibus stellæ merguntur in æquora ; sed tu
 Tempora, Mors, quot eunt omnia, sola tenes.

XXX.

- (11) Call it not vain—they do not err,
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies :
- 5 Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
- 10 And oaks in deeper groan reply ;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.
Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn ;
- 15 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
- 20 Whose memory feels a second death.

SCOTT.

XXX.

(11) "Call it not vain, they do not err."—SCOTT.

- Ficta cave credas, naturam vate perempto
Flere, sibi que sacro sacra litare viro :
Neu temere incuses dictum, mugire cavernas,
Mæstaque ab aëriâ murmura rupe dari ;
5 Ad nomen vitreos liqui de montibus amnes,
Inque sua effusam balsama flere rosam ;
Suspirare nemus zephyris quod amaverat ipse,
Raucius et quercus ingeminare "vale" ;
Ferre elegos tumulo vel euntia flumina, et undas
10 Suprema in vatem verba docere suas.
Non quasi bruta queant munus dare lugubre nostris
Manibus, aut hominum tangere saxa dolor.
Sed quia plangor inest nemori, per saxaque et auras
Vox venit, heroas questa carere lyrâ ;
15 Altera quos Lethe, citharâ semel inde redemptos,
Jam manet, ah ! solitos ire per ora virum.

XXXI.

- (12) And strangely on the Knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide,
“And darest thou, warrior, seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
5 My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair, and scourge of thorn;
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn:
Yet all too little to atone,
10 For knowing what should ne’er be known.
Would’st thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance dree;
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring warrior, follow me!”
15 “Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a border foray:
20 Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone.”

SCOTT.

XXXI.

(12) "And strangely on the Knight looked he."—SCOTT.

Ille feros oculos intorquens lumine glauco,

Torva tuens, equiti talia voce refert :

"Qualia Dî superi celarent, qualia Manes,

Tu, dure, ausurus visere, miles, eras ?

5 En ego, qui cædor spinis, quemque aspera adurit

Pellis, cui cingunt ferrea claustra sinus ;

Non luiturus eram binis mea crimina sæclis,

Improba dum genibus tunditur ista silex ;

Omnia nam mea sunt leviora piacula culpâ,

10 Audax qui nôrim quæ mihi nôsse nefas.

Tu quoque si cupias scelus exorare perenne,

Si macie æternâ tempora agenda tibi ;

Hac lege ut paveas seram tamen, improbe, mortem,

Vade, age, quod placuit me duce nactus eris."

15 "Longe a me macies, pater alme, manusque supinæ ;

Unam callet enim vix mea lingua precem !

Hunc pia vota agitare putes, hunc sacra, 'Mariam,'

Vix qui dum fines vastat, 'avere,' jubet ?

Sic precor et prædor, sed cætera nil moror ; at tu

20 Fac missum, citius perface jussa, pater."

XXXII.

- (13) Thou the light sail boldly spreadest,
O'er the furrowed waters gliding,
Thou nor wreck nor foeman darest,
Thou nor helm nor compass needest ;
5 While the sun is bright above thee,
While the bounding surges love thee,
In their deepening bosoms hiding,
Thou canst not fear,
Small Mariner ;
10 For tho' the tides with restless motion
Bear thee to the desert ocean,
Far as ocean to the sky,
'Tis all thine own, thine empery.

XXXII.

(13) "Thou the light sail boldly spreadest."

Tu levia æquoreas audes dare vela per undas,

Nec tibi naufragii nec timor hostis adest.

Non servans, tenuis, sulcas mare, nauta, Boöten,

Picta gubernaclo non tua puppis eget.

5 Sole favente natas devexus concava aquarum,

Sospite te motum concipit unda Noti.

Non opus, exigue, est timeas, Palinure, procellam,

10 Gestit spumoso quem vehere unda salo ;

Irrequieta ferant quamvis freta gurgite cymbam

Alternò, refluis usque agitata vadis ;

Non potes usque adeo, tangant licet æquora cœlos,

Pergere ut imperiis egrediare tuis.

XXXIII.

- (14) An arrow from a bow just shot,
Flew upward to heaven's canopy,
And cried, with pompous self-conceit,
To the king-eagle, scornfully,
5 "Look here!—I can as high as thou,
And, towards the sun, even higher sail!"
The eagle smiled, and said, "O fool,
What do thy borrowed plumes avail?
By others' strength thou dost ascend,
10 But by thyself dost downward tend."

MACHLER.

XXXIII.

(14) "An arrow from a bow just shot."—MACHLER.

Evolat ad cœlum nervo pulsante sagitta,
Adque avium regem, nubila nacta, refert,
Plurima dum volitat jactans et inania, "possum,
"Ecce, tuas alas æquiparare meis:

5 "Quin, supero et Phœbi sublimis apricor in auris."
Leniter arridens cui, "misera," inquit avis,
"Quid quod habes alas, aliena levamina? Jactas
"Irrita, si terras ipsa caduca petis?"

XXXIV.

- (15) Phyllis, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day ?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
5 Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies :
Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time ;
10 Change in Love to heav'n does climb ;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

WALLER.

XXXIV.

(15) "Phyllis, why should we delay?"—WALLER.

Gaudia quid breviora die, mea Phylli, moramur?

Quidve tenere sinu mox peritura juvat?

Si vitam—Parcæ sed enim vetuere—liceret

Tendere, et invisas exsuperare colos,

5 Flos tamen exciderit, ceu transvolat umbra, decoris,

Et brevior nobis nostra juvena perit.

Ast eadem si forma manet, si læta juvenus,

Præcipiti pennâ transvolitabit Amor.

Antevolat Tempus puer ales; Amorque vicesque

10 Scandunt vel coelos, nam vicis auctor Amor:

Queis etenim sors est mutari nescia, juvit

Odisse inque vices rursus amâsse Deos.

XXXV.

- (16) For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
5 We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright,
Tow'rds heav'n's descent had slop'd his west'ring
wheel.
10 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

MILTON.

XXXV.

(16) "For we were nurst upon the self-same hill."—MILTON.

Communem ad fontes unius montis alumni

Duximus, ad sylvas, ad fluviosque, gregem :

Ambo una pastum pecus egimus, ardua saltûs

Vix quum palpebrâ tangeret orta dies ;

5 Et simul ambobus cecinit mala bucina, quali

Est solitus medio stridere sole culex.

Dum, pasto noctem et rores grege, Vesper ab ortu

Cæperat occiduum deproperare rotam.

Nec siluere tamen gaudentes rure Camænæ,

10 Nec minus interea carmen avena dedit ;

Duxerat herba simul bifidæ vestigia calcis,

Dum saltant Satyri Capripedumque chori ;

Quemque carere diu cantûs dulcedine tædet ;

Damætasque modos audit amatque senex.

XXXVI.

- (17) But oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
5 And all their echoes mourn.
The willows and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
10 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

MILTON.

XXXVI.

(17) (*The same continued.*)

- Ah, conversa tuo decessu tempora, pastor,
Quem via in æternum non remeanda tulit !
Te silvæ et cava saxa gemunt, quot lenta racemis
Labrusca obduxit, quot loca flore thyma ;
5 Nulla percussæ vocis requievit imago,
Quin saxa excuterent verba suprema tibi.
Non plaudent foliis posthac coryleta canenti,
Non gestire piâ visa salicta comâ.
Qualis obest vermis depulsæ in pascua capræ,
10 Exedit aut teneras pestis amara rosas,
Quale gelu sensit veris modo conscia florum
Copia, vix pictos ausa aperire sinus ;
Induit ut flores cytisus ; tua talia fata ;
Sic, Lycida, sortes audit ovile tuas.

XXXVII.

(18) Seest thou yon bark? It left our bay
This morn on its adventurous way,
All glad and gaily bright;
And many a gale its impulse gave,
5 And many a gently heaving wave
Nigh bore it out of sight.
But soon that glorious course was lost,
And treacherous was the deep;
Ne'er thought they there was peril most
10 When tempest seemed asleep.

That flower, that fairest flower that grew,
Aye cherished by the evening dew,
And cheered by opening day;
That flower, which I had spared to cull,
15 Because it was so beautiful,
And shone so fresh and gay;
Had all unseen a deathly shoot,
The germ of future sorrow;
And there was canker at its root,
20 That nipped it ere the morrow.

MARY HOWITT.

XXXVII.

(18) "Seest thou yon bark? It left our bay."—MARY HOWITT.

- Quæ viden' e curvâ nobis proram extulit orâ,
 Audax mane, vocans omnia fata, ratis,
 Quam multa ex oculis cursu tulit aura secundo,
 Quam multa appulsu vix levis unda suo ?
- 5 Omine quam falso nituit ! Quam, nauta, superbis
 Cursibus excideras, heu, male fisus aquæ !
 Scilicet ignarus, maria obdormiscere cernens,
 Quum tranquilla satis, tum metuenda nimis.
 Flos erat in pratis florum pulcherrimus ; illum
- 10 Roscida nox aluit fovit et orta dies :
 Hunc modo præ formâ nolebam carpere florem,
 Parcebamque horto demere tale decus ;
 Sed clam letiferas fovit sub cortice gemmas,
 Includens fibris funera fraude sua ;
- 15 Sensit enim vermem radix ; ea noxa comantem,
 Frustra et pollicitam crastina, nocte tulit.

XXXVIII.

- (19) But why should I his boyish feats display?
Concourse and noise and toil he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
5 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary
team.
- 10 Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
15 These he detested; those he scorn'd to wield:
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might
yield.

BEATTIE.

XXXVIII.

(19) "But why should I his boyish feats display?"—BEATTIE.

- Quid tamen huic laudo puerilia? Nam neque vulgus
 Nec strepitus placuit, turba molesta fuit :
 Nec libuit raucæ medium se ferre catervæ,
 Rixantumque gregi, duxit at umbra pedem ;
 5 Seu temere inculti premeret capita aspera montis,
 Seu caperet longæ devius error aquæ ;
 Ferre per intactos voluit vestigia saltus
 Et vagus hand ullâ per nemus ire viâ :
 Dum, jubare occiduis demisso cautibus, irent
 10 Gaudentes solvi languida colla boves.
 Non pede, non dextrâ melior, neque gramine victor
 Ibat ovans, juvit non ea palma virum.
 Pectora crediderim crudelis nescia ludi
 Condoluisse, foret si violata pecus.
 15 Non rete aut laqueum, non tela aut stuppea
 amabat
 Vincla ; dolos sprexit, duxit at arma nefas.
 Tutelam ille sibi ruris non regna petebat,
 Nedum inde ut fastus proditione foret :
 Imperium sed quale daret sine sanguine sylva,
 20 Huic fuit in votis imperitare suum.

XXXIX.

- (20) Oh ! that the chemist's magic art
 Could crystallize this sacred treasure !
Long should it glitter near my heart,
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.
5 The little brilliant, ere it fell,
 Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye ;
Then trembling left its coral cell—
 The spring of sensibility !
Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !
10 In thee the rays of virtue shine ;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.
Benign restorer of the soul !
 Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
15 When first we feel the rude control
 Of love or pity, joy or grief.
The Sage's and the Poet's theme,
 In every clime, in every age ;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
20 In Reason's philosophic page.
That very law* which moulds a tear,
 And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

ROGERS.

* The law of gravitation.

XXXIX.

(20) "Oh! that the chemist's magic art."—ROGERS.

- Arte Prometheâ queat, O, quis sistere guttam,
 Cogere et in vitrum quæ pretiosa fluunt,
 Pendula vi tacitâ premeret pia bullula nostros,
 Tristitiasque ciens deliciasque, sinus.
- 5 Gemma nitens nitidis lapsura pendit ocellis,
 Estque a luminibus lucida facta Chloes;
 Puniceis eadem labens tremebunda cavernis,
 Ex animæ teneris fontibus ibat aqua.
- Candida, lucentes simulans aspergine bacas,
 10 Quam virtus radiis imbuat alma suis;
 Mitior ipsa micas lucetque serenior omni,
 Quæ tenebris terræ gemmea flamma subest.
- Te, lacryma, expectant refici quærentia, et ultro
 E se, quod poscunt, saucia corda cient;
- 15 Tu, stimulis animus quum jam male suetus iniquis
 Gaudet, amat, mæret, commiserescit, ades.
- Te scriptis adhibet sapiens, noverit Camænæ;
 Quæ te non celebrant tempora, quidve solum?
- Te, seu Socraticæ chartæ versentur, amamus,
 20 Seu nos ficta juvet somnia mente sequi.
- Nam lacryma in vitreum quâ lege volubilis orbem
 It globus, et proprio fonte caduca perit,
 Lege orbis terræ pendet globus alter eâdem,
 Volvitur in spatiis sidus et omne suis.

Section IV.



LATIN HEXAMETERS.

XL.

- (1) So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
 Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie,
 And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
 Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.
5 Then if at last she finds him fast beset,
 She issues forth and runs along her loom ;
 She joys to touch the captive in her net,
 And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

DRYDEN.

XLI.

- (2) The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
 His lance of cornel-wood another held ;
 The third his bow, and glorious to behold,
 The costly quiver, all of burnished gold.
5 The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
 And weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier ;
 With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,
 And thro' the master-street the corpse convey'd.
 The houses to their tops with black were spread,
10 And even the pavements were with mourning hid.

DRYDEN.

XL.

- (1) "So the false spider, when her nets are spread."—DRYDEN.

Sic ubi fraude malâ suspendit aranea casses,
 Lustris insidiata silet, dum fila corusco
 Fune trahi longe noscat, jam signa teneri
 Posse reluctantem viscosâ compede muscam ;
 5 Quam simul hæsisse inveniât, se proripit imis
 Sedibus, et telas decurrens improba gaudet
 Captivo imbutas fraudes tractare retento ;
 Et miseram exultans rapit in penetralia prædam.

XLI.

- (2) "The riders rode abreast, and one his shield."—DRYDEN.

Fronte pari incessere equites ; hic scuta ferebat,
 Ille hastam corni de vimine, tertius arcum,
 Et totam e levi decus auro insigne pharetram,
 Admirabile opus. Mox illustrissimus ortu
 5 Grajugenûm quisque insequitur, junctisque feretrum
 Fert subiens humeris : it flens segni pede turba,
 Perque Viam Sacram sistens se sæpius agmen
 Triste onus educit : paries supremus ad imum
 Quisque atra induerat mærens sibi tegmina, mærent
 10 Ipsa pavimenta obducto celata tapete.

XLII.

- (3) The right side of the pall old Ægeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept ;
Each bore a golden bowl of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy
wine.
- 5 Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
And after him appear'd th' illustrious train :
To grace the pomp came Emily the bright,
With cover'd fire the fun'ral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
- 10 And all the rights of Pagan honour paid ;
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion
strow'd.

DRYDEN.

XLII.

(3) (*The same continued.*)

Ægeus parte senex dextrâ velamina servans
 Tristia, rex aderat Theseus flens ipse sinistrâ,
 Cymbia uterque ferens, divinum opus, aurea, lacte
 Et melle et rubri spumantia munere Bacchi.

- 5 Proximitate loci et generis (nam sanguine ab uno
 Mortuus et Palamon) Palamon succedit, et agmen
 Insequitur procerûm : pompæ decus, intulit ignes
 Candida celatos, incendia sera rogorum,
 Æmilia : inde viro de more amplissima fiunt
- 10 Sacra, superstitione patrum quæcunque coluntur.
 Jam pyra tanta fuit, cui posset vincere summum
 Aëra vix Parthi magnâ vi missile telum :
 Bis tamen a fundo denas superaverat ulnas,
 Inque modum stipulis texta est crepitantibus æquum.

XLIII.

- (4) The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames : the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain-ash, the mother of the spear.
- 5 The mourner yew, and builder oak were there :
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
And laurels, which the gods for conqu'ring chiefs
ordain ;
- How they were rank'd shall rest untold by me,
- 10 With nameless nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry tree :
Nor how the Dryads, and the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain :
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd :
- 15 Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright
Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.

DRYDEN.

XLIII.

(4) (*The same continued.*)

- Exsurgens viridem simulabat fabrica sylvam :
Tum fomes flammæ sulfur, sparsumque bitumen
Intererat tædis ; abies ibi pinguis, et ornus
Hastarum genitrix, flentique simillima taxus,
5 Atque opifex quercus, fagus quoque, et aptior alnus
Fluctibus, et platani, et tiliaë, mollissima ligna,
Et buxus prædura, Deorum et munere laurus
Victori concessa aderant : sed nil moror ordo
Qui fuerit memorare, aut quæ sine nomine nymphæ
10 Sylvarum quamque incolerent, qualive ululatu
Exilium sylvestre sororiaque agmina ducens
Fugerit orba Dryas latebris ; nec dicere versu
Sedibus eversis cælum mutâsse volucres,
Aut profugas stupuisse feras sua lustra carere
15 Frondibus ; aut jubar immissum formidine lucis
Quot loca perculerit non ante obnoxia soli.

XLIV.

- (5) All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain
In ample territory, wealth, and power,
Civility of manners, arts, and arms,
5 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian ; these two thrones except,
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd.
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
10 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emp'ror hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capreæ, an island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
15 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy.

MILTON.

XLIV.

- (5) "All nations now to Rome obedience pay."—MILTON.

Romanos rerum dominos gentesque subactas
 Aspice, Romanus princeps dat jura per orbem.
 Huic quantum decus imperii! Premit arbiter oras
 Extremas, opibusque potens et moribus addens

- 5 Arma, armisque artes, civilibus aspera miscet.

Tantarum famam rerum tu jure feroci
 Prætuleris Partho, his sordent tibi cætera demptis,
 Barbara, principibus nimium sortita remotis.

- 10 His te cuncta tenere puta, nam sedulus auctor
 Quicquid opum docui, terræ quæ gloria toti.
 Languet at ille senex fractusque libidine princeps;
 Sceptra vacant hærede senilia, et ipse receptus
 Ad Capreas (parva est sed munitissima ad oras
 15 Insula Campanas) parat impurissimus artes
 Horrendas, secretâ et polluit otia culpâ.

XLV.

- (6) "I, wretched I, have other fortunes seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen ;
At Thebes he fell ; cursed be the fatal day,
And all the rest thou seest in this array,
5 To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town besieg'd by our confederate host :
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of fun'ral fires to those
10 Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie ;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny.
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed."
15 As this she shriek'd aloud, the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and grov'ling on the plain
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind !

DRYDEN.

XLV.

(6) "I, wretched I, have other fortunes seen."—DEYDEN.

- "Me miseram ! quantum mutor Capaneia conjux !
 Longè aliâ regina fruebar sorte : sed ille
 Occidit ad Thebas : lux heu sceleratior omni
 Sustulit ; et quam cernis, eo certamine mæret
 5 Ante urbem extinctos, sociis quam cinximus armis,
 Cætera turba viros, flentes longo agmine matres.
 Sed falso qui jure Creon se jactat in arce,
 Impius ille senex, Dircaeosque arrogat agros,
 Ignes et miseris negat ultima jura, sepulcrum,
 10 Invidus exanimis et in ipsa cadavera sævus.
 Haud rogos, haud tumulus : sed strage oppressa
 frequenti
 Indignatur humus fera fata et jussa tyranni.
 Nec venia est miseris tollendi corpus amicis
 Flebile, membra canes divellunt mortua rostris."
 15 Illi turba comes, dum voce ululabat ad auras
 Talia, fletque simul, projectaque pulvere sordet ;
 Atque supinatis manibus gemituque frequenti
 Omnes corda cient, miseris succurrat amicis.

XLVI.

- (7) In this remembrance Emily, ere day,
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array ;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair :
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair.
- 5 A ribbon did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind :
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden-walk she took her way,
- 10 To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the may.
At every turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand,
To draw the rose ; and ev'ry rose she drew
- 15 She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew :
Then party-colour'd flow'rs of white and red
She wove to make a garland for her head ;
This done, she sung and carol'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear.
- 20 Ev'n wond'ring Philomel forgot to sing ;
And learn'd from her to welcome in the spring.

DRYDEN.

XLVI.

- (7) "In this remembrance Emily, ere day."—DRYDEN.

Æmilia ante diem surgens, non immemor horum,
 Veste nitet pictâ: non Eös pulchrior, ore
 Non Flora* ipsa rubet potior: per candida colla
 Luxuries effusa comæ est, quam tæniâ plexu

- 5 Parte coërcebat; temere irreligata protervæ
 Cætera ludibrium virgo permiserat auræ.
 Vix clarescebat stellis Aurora fugatis
 Spargebatque rosas, gelido quum tramite ludens
 Cum pede pulchra levi rores libabat in hortis,

- 10 Conceptura preces et debita vota diei,
 Flore puella suo cultum Floralibus addens.

Constitit in spatiis paulum, niveamque roseti
 Insinuare manum spinis est ausa rosamque
 Ducere; ducta amat illa sequi, quotque inde legebat,

- 15 Detersit liquidos quassato stamine rores.
 Vincula mox nectit capiti bicoloria, pingens
 Flore rubro niveos: liquidâ tum voce peractum
 Cantat opus tamque arguto sonat ore puella,
 Terricolæ ut numeris lætentur coelicolæque.

- 20 Miraturque oblita modos philomela, quibusque
 Ver iniens numeris jubeat salvere docetur.

* The *Floralia* began on the 29th of April, and ended on the 3rd of May (Ovid, *Fasti*, iv. 947, v. 183-4); hence, as *Maia* is the Pleiad, the mother of Mercury, not the month, for which we have *Maius mensis*, *Maia Kalendæ*, etc., but never *Maia*, the substitution of *Flora* and *Floralia* for the English "May (personified), May-day," etc., may perhaps be allowed.

XLVII.

- (8) The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,
5 Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable ; and there Mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
10 With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces and glittering spires.

MILTON.

XLVII.

- (8) "The city which thou seest no other deem."—MILTON.

Quam spectas urbem, rerum est pulcherrima Roma,
Ne credas aliam ; terrarum lauta rapinis,
Imperium oceano famam quæ terminat astris.
En Capitolinas sedes et Pergama ! quali

- 5 Majestate alias supra caput extulit arces
Una hæc, exurgens per inexpugnabile saxis
Tarpeium : ecce, Palatinusque et Principis ædes
Circuitu immodico eductâ stant mole sub astra,
Mirandæ ingeniis, magnæ res laudis et artis ;

- 10 Culmina fastigata auro lateque corusca,
Luce suâ distinctus apex, solaria, turre.

XLVIII.

- (9) So spake he ; and was buckling
Tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand.
5 So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know ;
White as snow their armour was ;
Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
10 Did such rare armour gleam ;
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.
And all who saw them trembled,
And pale grew every cheek ;
15 And Aulus the Dictator
Scarce gathered voice to speak :
" Say by what name men call you ?
What city is your home ?
And wherefore ride ye in such guise
20 Before the ranks of Rome ?"
" By many names men call us ;
In many lands we dwell :
Well Samothracia knows us ;
Cyrene knows us well ;
25 Our house in gay Tarentum
Is hung each morn with flowers ;
High o'er the masts of Syracuse
Our marble portal towers ;
But by the proud Eurotas
30 Is our dear native home ;
And for the right we come to fight
Before the ranks of Rome !"
So answered those strange horsemen,
And each couched low his spear ;
35 And forthwith all the ranks of Rome
Were bold and of good cheer.

MACAULAY.

XLVIII.

- (9) "So spake he ; and was buckling."—MACAULAY.

Dixerat, atque Austro stringebat ephippia nigro ;
 Ecce autem juvenum a dextrâ par nobile ferri
 Vidit equis : una ambobus facies erat, unus
 Armorum nitor et niveorum candor equorum ;

- 5 Alterum ab alterius ne quis dignoscere vultu
 Posset, at ante oculos iret mortalibus error.

Non illa humanis crepuere incudibus arma,
 Nec bibit ullus aquas terrenis fontibus haustas
 His sonipes animis : expalluit omine miles

- 10 Et tremuit viso : primus dictator et Aulus
 Faucibus hærentem vix vocem rupit ab ore :
 "Dicite," ait, "genus, unde domo, quo nomine clari ?
 Quidve ita pro signis cinctu fulgetis equestri
 Romulidûm ?" "Haud uno," referebant, "nomine
 clari,

- 15 Haud unam incolimus patriam. Samothracia novit,
 Novit Cyrene nostrum decus, ædeque nostrâ
 Omni festivum suspendens mane Tarentum
 Florea sarta ; Syracusæ superantia malos
 Limina nostra vident, nostro freta marmore lucent.

- 20 At nos Indigetes Eurotas, maximus amnis,
 Vindicat ; hæc domus, hæc patriæ carissima sedes.
 Et nos, Romulidæ, cinctu fulgemus equestri
 Pro signis, careat pietas ne vindice vestra."
 Sic memorant, et uterque infestam cominus hastam

- 25 Mirus eques vibrat demissâ cuspide in hostes :
 Romanus toto non secius agmine lætus
 Extollitque animos gestitque cupidine pugnæ

XLIX.

- (10) There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year ;
5 He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjured, with inimitable art ;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
10 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.

COWPER.

XLIX.

(10)

“There lives and works
A soul in all things.”—COWPER.

Insunt nempe omnibus haustus
Ætherii, Deus auctor inest operosus : euntes
Dirigit hic stellas, et vos docet æthere cursus,
Lumina, labentem cœlo quæ ducitis annum.
5 Ille hiemi fines et ineluctabile vinculum
Imposuit, mulcens iras et tela retundens.
Germen et implicuit fusco squalore tenellum
Vaginarum opifex non Ille imitabilis : ante
Proxima concipiens rerum miracula, præsens
10 Quam rosa deperiit quamque hæc defloruit æstas.
Arbiter Hic vitæ magno se corpore miscens
Fit quodcunque vides, et vita animantibus Ipse est.

L.

- (11) Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Cheerily rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
5 Some time walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
10 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
 While the plowman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blythe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
15 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

MILTON.

L.

- (11) "Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn."—MILTON.

Sæpius excipio quo cornua murmure, læti
Quo catuli Auroram increpitent tardumque cubile
Tithoni, ut juga per montis canentia et altum
Personuere nemus ; sæpe haud invisus ad ulmos
5 Sepibus oppositas obductos cæspite colles
Perlustro viridi, Eöis adversus, ut ortus
Observem, portis ; egressus unde superbos
Jam parat electro cinctus flammisque Hyperion ;
Perque clientelam nebularum mille colores,
10 Vestes mille trahens varias, jacet ; et modo arator
Stridere per sulcos propior, modo dulce puella
Cantare ad mulctram, cotemque intendere messor
Instituit falci ; reducemque sub arbuta vallis
Quisque gregem pastor confert et ovile recenset.

LI.

- (12) Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures,
 Russet lawns and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
5 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
10 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
15 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
20 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
 Or if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

MILTON.

LI.

(12) (*The same continued.*)

- Mox circumspicio nova gaudia ; pascor inani
Mente videns tinctas serâ ferrugine sylvas,
Admissas pecudes, et cana novalia morsu
Detonsa errantûm, et montes qui vertice nudo
5 Sæpe trahunt nimbos innixumque agmen aquarum.
Tum juvat appictus per prata nitentia cultu
Flosculus, aut breviora vada, aut latissimus amnis.
Hîc sese insinuâre locis sylvestribus arces,
Mœnia queis tumidæ, ambitiosa cacumina, fagi
10 Cinxere ; his forsân lateat miranda puella,
Sidereoque trahat vultu sibi lumina : fumus
Nec procul inde casæ, geminis quæ quercubus exstat
Annosis media : hîc Corydon cum Thyrside miscet
Congrediens escas, et agrestia fercula Phyllis
15 Dextera munditiis herbas contundit olentes.
Quæ tugurî hospitio cedit cito, Thestyli, tecum.
Collatura operas Cerealibus hordea culmis.
Stringente ; aut si ducat opus maturior hora,
Pascua sicca petit flavi studiosa manipuli.

LII.

- (13) Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd,
His foe with bedding and with food supply'd ;
Then, ere the day, two suits of armour sought,
Which borne before him on his steed he brought :
5 Both were of shining steel, and wrought so pure,
As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
Now at the time and in th' appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach ; each other from afar they knew,
10 And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees ;
15 And thinks, " here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I ;"
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart ;
A gen'rous chillness seizes ev'ry part ;
The veins pour back the blood and fortify the heart.

DRYDEN.

LII.

- (13) "Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd."—DRYDEN.

Arcites rediit victumque torumque paravit,
 Namque hosti hospitium pudor imperat: armaque
 binis

Tegmina corporibus nondum lucente petivit
 Aurorâ, quod eques præ se religârat onusto
 5 Pondus equo: lorica erat utraque lucida ferro
 Et purum ignis opus; qualis defenderet ictus
 Tantos et dextras tantas: jam quique vocârat
 Quemque vocârat adest, quâque et quo tempore
 pactum est.

Ut coram adsteterunt, longe cognôrat uterque
 10 Hostem, et mutato rabies exarserat ore.
 Qualis ubi infestâ Threx armentarius hastâ
 Stat servans aditus, fugientes optat et ursos;
 Dum quassata procul magno monet ire fragore
 Sylva feram: notat, et "quo non capitalior," inquit,
 "Hostis adest, subitâ tollendus cuspide, nobis
 15 "Ni ferat ille necem." Secum dum talia, vibrat
 Tela, parant venæ generosis frigora membris,
 Fortia sed refluus coit in præcordia sanguis.

LIII.

- (14) Thus pale they meet ; their eyes with fury burn ;
None greets ; for none the greeting will return :
But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care
His foe profest, as brother of the war :
- 5 Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance ;
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
- 10 And wounded, wound ; till both were bath'd in
blood ;
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the spot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd :
- 15 Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles and with frothy jaws,
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they wound ;
With grunts and groans the forest rings around.
So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
- 20 Till fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.

DRYDEN.

LIII.

- (14) "Thus pale they meet ; their eyes with fury burn."

Haud secus adversi pallent, stant lumina flammâ
 Effera ; ab invitis voces dare, reddere, neutrâ
 Parte salutatur ; sed torve obmutuit armans,
 Fratris id officium manifesto in Marte, virum vir.

- 5 Nec mora, procursant infestis cominus hastis,
 Remve gerunt gladiis ; mucrone acieve lacesunt ;
 Hic ferit, ille fodit, cædit, premit ictibus ictus.
 Loricam explorat, tenuissima quæque requirens,
 Hasta ; furit Mars æquus, et hora supervenit horam,

- 10 Tædia longa : flagrant in mutua vulnera dextris,
 Cæde madent ambo, pede nec conceditur ulli,
 Ceu statione istâ victoria pendeat orbis.
 Ecce, inimicus atrox Arcites, tigridis instar,
 Bella ciet, Palamona feri rapit ira leonis :

- 15 Seu quales, geminis si quando amor incidit unus,
 Horrescunt setis spumescunt faucibus apri,
 Et dente adversos obliquant vulnera in armos
 Fulmineo ; gemitu immani sylva intonat omnis
 Frendentûmque fragore sonat : sic miles uterque

- 20 Depugnat, certaturus sine fine, recidant
 Ni Parcæ pugnæ, et idoneus arbiter exstet.

LIV.

- (15) Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflict issuing forth, or entering in ;
Prætors, proconsuls, to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
5 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;
Or embassies, from regions far remote,
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on the Æmilian. Some from furthest south,
10 Syenè, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroè, Nilotic isle ; and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea ;
From th' Asian kings, and Parthian among these,
From India and the golden Chersonese,
15 And utmost Indian isle Tabropane,
Dusk faces, with white silken turbans wreathed ;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north,
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.

MILTON.

LIV.

- (15) "Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see."—MILTON.

Inde oculos refer ad portas : urbs undique quantam
 Intranti oppositam totis vomit arcibus undam !
 Sorte datas Prætor sedes, pro consule missus
 Munera adit ; jactans redit inde insignia, fasces

- 5 Lictoresque, potestatis, trabeatus : at arma
 Fert legio, et turmas glomeratque cohortibus alas.
 Adsunt oratum variis de gente remotâ
 Vestibus, Æmiliam emensi, quosve Appia defert :
 Hos plaga sub curru Phœbi propiore Syene

- 10 Ultima, at hos Meroë, cui sol æquissimus umbras
 Dividit ancipites, Nilo circumflua mittit
 Insula, et occiduis Bocchus vicinior astris,
 Ad mare porrectus Numidûm : mox Aside ab orâ
 Missi adsunt, Parthi ante omnes ; quosque India,
 et auri

- 15 Ditior educit regio pæninsula ; quosque
 Indica Taprobane, Eöi Thule ultima ponti ;
 Omnibus alba nigræ circumdata serica fronti.
 Tum Galli, et Calpe, occiduoque a sole Britanni,
 Et Cimbri atque Scythæ, et septem gens juncta
 trioni

- 20 Sarmata, transque Istrum quos Taurica perluit unda.

LV.

- (16) Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too ;
Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
While the winds whistle and the snows descend.
- 5 The spiry myrtle with unwithering leaf
Shines there and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Portugal and Western India there,
The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm,
- 10 And seem to smile at what they need not fear.
The amomum there with intermingling flowers
And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts
Her crimson honours, and the spangled beau,
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
- 15 All plants, of every leaf, that can endure
The winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrewd bite,
Live there, and prosper. Those Ausonia claims,
Levantine regions these.

COWPER.

LV.

(16) "Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too."—COWPER.

Si quis amas hortos, tibi vitrea claustra placebunt.
 Exulat his felix, mutari nescia cœlum,
 Tuta calore loci, peregrino flore venusta
 Sylvula, dum Boreas fremit et toto aëre ningit.

5 His formosa apices non decussura virescit
 Myrtus, et Hesperia ulterior quæ munera jactat
 Aurea, mitescunt, et quæ sub sole calentes
 Occiduo præbent Indi; sunt altera rubra,
 Altera sed pallent acidos celantia succos.

10 Hîc nimbos levi de tegmine prospicit arbor
 Utraque, derisura minas sine fraude procellæ.
 Hîc flore et bacis miscentur vimina amomi,
 Puniceoque nitent perfusa gerania* cocco;
 Distinguitque suos, splendens bellissimus, ignes

15 Ficoides, tardas expectans flore pruinas.
 Tum nullâ non fronde hiemem quæ torva tuentem
 Ferre queat, morsu modo non obnoxia acerbo,
 Felix sylva viget: solis sub origine matrem
 Hæ repetunt Syriam, Ausonias pars altera sedes.

* This name and *ficoïdes* following lack poetical authority, and the second, as far as I know, has no place in Latin. They are here treated as proper names merely, which may excuse the arbitrary lengthening of the ã from *γερανος*, and shortening of the ī from *ειδῖς*.

LVI.

- (17) No forest fell
When thou would'st build ; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls ; but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
- 5 In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear ;
In such a palace Poetry might place
The armoury of Winter ; where his troops,
- 10 The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow, that often blinds the traveller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose ;
- 15 No sound of hammer or of saw was there :
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
- 20 Illumined every side : a watery light
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd
Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.

LVI.

- (17) "No forest fell
 . When thou would'st build."—COWPER.

- Non sylvæ artifici tibi procubuere recisæ,
 Nec sua saxa Paros misit; lympa ipsa securim
 Visa pati, sculptisque exstabant marmora ab undis.
 Tum quali stupuit sede Oceanitida matrem,
 5 Amissas questurus apes et mellea furta
 Tristis Aristæus, tales patuere cavernæ.
 Arcibus his tibi, Musa, armamentaria Brumæ
 Fingas; unde agmen cœlorum et cœrulus imber
 Bella parent, læsura cutem crystallina tela,
 10 Aut quæ grandineo prosternant pondere florem,
 Quæve nives misero fallant vestigia eunti
 Cæco errore viæ, volventes viva sepulcris
 Corpora. Ibi surgens per mira silentia somni
 Fit domus: haud serræ obstrepuere haud malleus
 antris,
 15 Sed partes, glacie glaciem cogente, tenaces
 Inter se fusâ coierunt undique lymphâ.
 Gratia, ceu lychnis nullo non lumine tinctis,
 Artifici variata manu radiatur ab omni
 Parte, micatque vitrum luci penetrabile aquosæ;
 20 Ut credas lunæ nasci nova cornua, ut ire
 Cœlitus ad terras sidus, cursuque sereno
 Innocuos ignes longosque albescere tractus.

LVII.

- (18) The stable yields a stercoraceous heap,
Impregnated with quick fermenting salts,
And potent to resist the freezing blast ;
For, ere the beech and elm have cast their leaf
5 Deciduous, when now November dark
Checks vegetation in the torpid plant
Exposed to his cold breath, the task begins.
Warily, therefore, and with prudent heed,
He seeks a favour'd spot: that, where he builds
10 Th' agglomerated pile, his frame may front
The sun's meridian disk, and at the back
Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge,
Impervious to the wind. First he bids spread
Dry fern or litter'd hay, that may imbibe
15 The ascending damps ; then leisurely impose,
And lightly, shaking it with agile hand
From the full fork, the saturated straw.
What longest binds the closest forms secure
The shapely side, that as it rises takes
20 By just degrees an overhanging breadth,
Shelt'ring the base with its projected eaves ;
Th' uplifted frame, compact at ev'ry joint,
And overlaid with clear translucent glass,
He settles next upon the sloping mount,
25 Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure
From the dash'd pane the deluge as it falls.
He shuts it close, and the first labour ends.

COWPER.

LVII.

- (18) "The stable yields a stercoraceous heap."—COWPER.

Pingue fimo stabulum immundos præbebit acervos :
 His vivos natura sales, tardosque calores,
 Nescia hyperboreis vinci fermenta pruinis,
 Subdidit : ante etenim sylvis quam fagus et ulmus

5 Deciduas posuere comas, flatuque Novembris
 Jampridem rigido astrictus sub cortice succus
 Constitit, accingendum operi, summâque petendus
 Arte locus laterum aspectu circum undique tutus.
 Huc densas glomerare operas, ut vinea soles

10 Suspiciat medios et apricâ fronte calescat ;
 Omnia at a tergo bene tecta fovere memento,
 Seu muro, seu sepe placet, seu claudere juncis,
 Pellere qui possint Boreæ penetrabile frigus.
 Tum bibulas sterni filices stipulasque maniplis
 15 Effusas, nebulam hausturas fumosque volucres,
 Profuit : inde manu, modo ne trepidante, solutos
 E gravidis leviter culmos superinjice furcis
 Tu saturos : tum, quod stringat bene claustra,
 tenaci

Robore texe latus justâ teres arte ; soloque

20 Latius exsurgens impendeat undique culmen.
 Cratitium succedit opus, compagibus arctum
 Undique, et obducto transmittens lumina vitro :
 Erige, et acclivi sedeat super aggere dorso.

Dorsa resultantes acuantur vertice ad imbres,

25 Sitque ira illisæ pluvii Jovis irrita lamnæ.
 Claude latus ; clauso est pars prima exhausta laboris.

LVIII.

- (19) The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
5 Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
10 Though Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm,
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou, therefore, take my brand Excalibur,
15 Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
20 And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not; take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
25 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.

TENNYSON.

LVIII.

- (19) "The sequel of to-day unsolders all."—TENNYSON.

Altera lux solvet foedus collegiaque armis
 Inclyta, quale decus nullum memoratur ab ævo.
 Tali pressa jacent somno mihi pectora frustra
 Juncta fide! Puto, non Camelodunensibus hortis
 5 Tempore venturo, non nos spatiabimur aulis;
 Nec sermone retractantes gratissima menti,
 Heroüm laudes solesque iterabimus actos!
 En, ego quos feci populum pereo ipse meorum
 Fraude miser! Reduci sed enim regna altera vates
 10 Testatus superos cecinit mihi: debita currant
 Fata tamen: neque enim potero penetrabile vulnus
 Quod mihi per galeam sedit tolerare, nec ortus,
 Ni quis opem tulerit, sperare licebit Eöos.
 Ergo age, tu ferrum magico cape nomine clarum,
 15 Et nostræ partem, meministi, laudis; ab ipso
 Quod sublime sinu stagni manus æquore surgens,
 Induta et magicos candentia serica amictus,
 Mira loquor, medio æstivi sub sole diei,
 Hei mihi! præteriti, mediis porrexit ab undis.
 20 Quid multa? Exsupero remex vada, et arma pre-
 hensa
 Rex gessi ut decuit regem; nec laude carebit
 Hoc factum, quâcunque canar, quâcunque per orbem
 Dicar. Sed cape jam, neu sit mora, et eminus eusem
 Correptum, medio missum æquore, projice in undas;
 25 Cunctaque nosce oculis, refer et cito cognita nobis.

LIX.

- (20) Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
Coming thro' heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
5 Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, "from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mines undrainable of ore,
10 Honour," she said, "and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers."

TENNYSON.

LIX.

(20) "Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom."—TENNYSON.

- Tum mihi prima Deæ cœlo vox fertur ad aures
Cui, simul ingreditur, consensu assurgit Olympus ;
Qualis enim lampas radiis, inclaruit ore
Amplior illucens. Paridi regina ferebat
5 Regale imperium, nullo obtrectante ; ter amplis
Finibus adjiciebat opes sine fine, superbi
Par decus id regni : "valles ubi," dixit, "opimas
Vestiit alma Ceres, ubi flava interluit amnis
Arva secans, ubi inexhaustis manus æra metallis
10 Exsudat, tibi honor, tibi opes, portoria, largo
Vectigale fluent : cinctas regionibus urbes
Tu ditione premes, seu quæ tenet obsita malis
Umbrosos portus atque arcibus innatat undis,
Atque videt vitreo claudi sua Pergama Averno."

LX.

- (21) Mine eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays :
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
5 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity :
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold ;
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
10 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring ;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay ;
15 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil ;
But god-like his unwearied bounty flows ;
20 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind ;
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
25 Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants :
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,

LX.

- (21) "Mine eye, descending from the hill, surveys."—DENHAM.

Per juga deflexo contemplor lumine valles,
 Per quas lascivo Thamesis devolvitur amne,
 Filius Oceani Thamesis, gratissimus unus
 Ille seni, et pendens undas, pietatis imago,
 5 Currit in amplexus patrios : ita defluit ævum
 Mortale æternis condens sua tempora sæclis.
 Quamvis Eridani non æmulus ille Tagive,
 Ut fluat Heliadum lacrymis spumousus, ut auro
 Turbidus ; at dives sine noxâ et fraude sub alveo
 10 Nil celat, si quæris opes circumspice ripas.
 His gaza est : super has effusis incubat arvo
 Stagnis, excludenda fovens sua munera vere.
 Nec tamen hæret in amplexu, fetumque fovendo
 Angit, ut infantem imprudens nutricula pressit :
 15 Gurgite nec refluo raptor sua dona resorbet,
 Quæ temere addiderat, ceu rex profusior æquo.
 Non necopinatis frustrans incursibus anni
 Spem saturat messes, hominumque boumque
 labores
 Diluit ; at Superûm ritu largitor agrestes
 20 Ditat inexhaustus, ditatos diligit ultro.
 Adde quod haud ripis præfinit munera ; cunctis
 Cuncta fluunt, pontoque magis communia et ipso
 Liberiora Noto. Terras nam visit onustus
 Riparum spoliis plenoque a litore felix.
 25 Hæc jactat vagus et, quum vult, dispertit in orbem
 Munera, velivolisque domum redit arcibus Indos
 Dives utrosque addens nobis ; quodque exstet in orbe

- 30 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme ;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull ;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full !

DENHAM.

LXI.

- (22) So said he, and the barge with oar and sail,
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan,
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
5 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

TENNYSON.

- Quærit opum tribuitque inopi, ut deserta colantur
 Urbe loca, atque ultro mediâ nemus urbe virescat.
- 30 Orbis merce nites, Thamesis, toto æquore, nobis
 Ne quid inexperti, ne quis peregrinus in orbe.
 O utinam ista fluam referens exempla fluenti
 Teque ornem ornato similis ; sinque altus at idem
- 35 Purus ! Sim, liceat, lenis neque segnis eundo,
 Et rabie fortis demptâque voragine plenus ;
 Atque imiter sine vortice aquas sine murmure lapsas !

LXI.

- (22) "So said he, and the barge with oar and sail."—TENNYSON.

- Dixerat, et remis velisque e margine cymba
 Qualis olor cessit, plenis qui turgidus alis,
 Indoctum exspirans moribundo e pectore carmen,
 Per colla excutiens niveas purissima plumas,
- 5 Palmulâ aquas livente capit : vestigia rerum
 Multa diu volvens steterat comes ; usque nigrescens
 Dum mera fit macula extremos adversa per ortus
 Cymbula visa procul, periitque ululatus ab undis.

LXII.

- (23) The trumpets next the gate in order plac'd,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast ;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
- 5 The throng is in the midst ; the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few.
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk ;
Factionous, and fav'ring this or t'other side,
- 10 As their strong fancies and weak reason guide ;
Their wagers back their wishes : numbers hold
With the fair freckled king and beard of gold ;
So vig'rous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
- 15 But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscles and his brawn commend ;
His double-biting axe, and beamy spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind ;
- 20 And safe themselves, at others cost divin'd.

DRYDEN.

LXII.

(23) "The trumpets next the gate in order plac'd."—DRYDEN.

- Ordinibus tuba multa suis stat proxima portis,
 Quo signo canat expectans, quo provocet arma.
 Per spatia aularum, velut unda supervenit undam,
 Fluctuat, adque latus premit ultima turba priorem,
 5 Usque sed in medio densissima; vulgus at extra
 Exclusum est, solisque patet melioribus aula;
 Fit globus hîc, illic spatiantur in ordine amici.
 Jam commentantur, jam fingunt seria vultu
 Colloquioque; placent partes studiumque favorque,
 10 Seu quia ficta valent, seu mens infirmior errat.
 Pignoribus certant in vota; placetque frequenti
 Turbæ candidior leviter rex sole per ora
 Conspersus, barbâ auricomâ; tum, "qualia ocellis
 Lumina," quisque fremit, "majestas qualis ab uncis
 15 Naribus emineat, ceu sit Jovis armiger ales."
 Sed plures oculos captat rex nigrior; armos
 Luxuriansque toris pectus spectantque lacertos.
 Arboream laudant hastam, morsuque bipennem
 Ancipiti infestam, gestamen utrumque gigantis.
 20 Mobile pro studiis vulgus diversa frementes,
 Securus sibi quisque, aliis funesta canebant.

LXIII.

- (24) O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair, with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
5 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
10 And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
15 Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.

COWPER.

.LXIII.

(24) "O Winter, ruler of the inverted year."—COWPER.

- Tristis Hiems, raros glaciali aspergine crines
 Ceu cinere impleris, verso dominaris et anno.
 Halitus ipse gelat tibi labra, rigensque pruinâ
 Canities mentum inspicat, non illa senilis,
 5 Sparsa genis ; nimbis obnubere tempora, ramus
 Fronde carens sceptrum, nulloque volubilis orbe
 Radit iter currus levi per lubrica lapsu
 Vique procellarum pernix : inamabilis ut sis
 Visa, places nobis, quâ tu formidine gentes
 10 Cunque premas : nam te Phœbus custode tenetur
 Nequicquam tentans ortus, spatioque minore
 Sentit iter fieri quo matutinus ad arces
 Jam properet medias : eadem non passa morari
 Urges, et roseos intercipis æquore currus,
 15 Deque die partem demis, sed dempta reponis,
 Sermonumque vices et culta sodalibus addens
 Otia : tu subito revocas quam sparserat hora,
 Conciliasque domum ; nec secius ægra diurno
 Munere corda foves ut rursum in se ipsa residant.

LXIV.

- (25) All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving ; with them rose
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
5 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
10 Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat.

MILTON.

LXIV.

(25) "All in a moment through the gloom were seen."—MILTON.

Undique continuo mediâ e caligine surgunt
 Millia signorum, piceas jactantia ad auras
 Versicolor decus Eöum : simul agmina crescunt
 Spissa jubis, simul hastarum densissima sylva,

5 Et clypei clypeis, alæ clauduntur ab alis :
 Haud modus, haud numerus. Mox it justissima ab
 omni

Parte instructa phalanx ; servans vestigia Doris
 Fistula mulcet iter mollique foramine buxus :
 Quale melos suasit virtutem heroïbus olim

10 Egregiosque animos, rabiemque etiam armamoventes
 Dedocuit ; sed stare loco dedit, immotosque
 Admonuit spretâ firmissima pectora morte ;
 Et vetuit dare terga fugâ turpive receptu.

LXV.

- (26) Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
5 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently ! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black ;
An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,
10 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity !

COLERIDGE.

LXV.

(26) "Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star."—COLERIDGE.

- Queis potes illecebris scandentes cœrula currus
 Sistere Luciferi? Tam lentis vertice nudo
 Pendet equis, ingens rerum caput Alpinarum,
 Ille tuo, dum vallem Arve Arvironque per imam
 5 Usque fremunt fluvii: facies quam, numinis instar,
 Dira tibi! At circum, tanquam stet ^{in aquora pinis,} ~~pinus sequor,~~
 Sylva immota silet: tu cingeris arduus atro
 Aëre, tanquam ebeni solidâ caligine septus
 Desuper; at cuneatus apex ea robora rupit,
 10 Dissiluitque polus: referens sed lumina sedes
 Te retinere tuas video, crystallina montis
 Cœlicolæ delubra, æternâ pace serena.

LXVI.

- (27) The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st being stopped, impatiently doth rage:
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
5 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course ;
10 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

SHAKSPEARE.

LXVI.

(27) "The current, that with gentle murmur glides."—SHAKESPEARE.

Cernis ut allapsus lento cum murmure adactâ
Mole eat impatiens et ab objice sævior amnis.
Sin fluat illæsus, picto resonante lapillo
Dulce crepat melos, atque ulvis levia oscula figit,

5 Quot sacro cursu assequitur : sic devius error
Defluit, et tardis sinuans ambagibus undas
Ludit iter liquidum, oceano immiscerier alto
Se cupiens : mihi sic cursus permitte secundos ;
Sic ego mitis ero, lento quoque mollior amne.

10 Sic mihi ludus erit, studio fallente laborem,
Tædia ; dum suprema trahens vestigia amato
Reddar amans : ibi ut Elysio pia functa labore
Umbra manet, requiemque æternaque gaudia carpam.

LXVII.

- (28) At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates ; three-fold were
brass,
Three iron, three of adamant rock
5 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape ;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
10 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting ; about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal ; yet when they list, would creep,
15 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea, that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :
20 Nor uglier follow the night hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
25 If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,

LXVII.

- (28) "At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching."—MILTON.

- Tandem in conspectu surgunt, quos Tartara fines
Ultima habent, eductæ infanda ad tecta columnæ.
Ter ternas habuere fores, tres ære revinctas,
Tres ferro, solidus teloque impervius omni
5 Tres adamas firmat, flammis circum undique septas,
Nec tamen exesas : duplex custodia visa est
Vestibulo, diræ facies quæ limina servant :
Candida fæmineâ medio tenuis altera formâ,
Deinceps vasta tamen, sinuansque volumina subter,
10 Desinit in squamas succincta per inguina nexu
Anguineo et dente infesto : latrantia monstra
Pone trahi visa, horrissonoque immanis hiatu
Cerberus attollens centum circumtonat ora.
Sed placet interdum celari ; uterosque sub ipsos,
15 Si quid obest, pestis se corripit ; nec tamen ipsos
Fit requies uteros quin impleat usque ululatu
Cæca imos. Non lauta mari, quod dividit oram
Trinacriâ Calabram, tales Scylla horruit hydros ;
Nec magis obscænas Hecate trahit agmine Diras
20 Noctivago, juvat ut magicâ clam voce vocatam
Aërias carpsisse vias, et sanguine nares
Implêsse infantum ; Borealis saga choreas
Quum miscet, Stygiasque artes exosa laborat
Phœbe deficiens. Forma altera (dicere formam

Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either ; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
30 And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

MILTON.

- 25 Quæ stetit informis, liceat, cui membra nec artus
Nec pars certa loco ; moles, seu corporis umbra,
Ancepsve alternâ specie,) nocte atrior ipsâ,
Torva decem rabie Furias, terroribus æquat
30 Tartara ; at e dextrâ telum furiale minatur,
Quodque caput visum est regis fert fronte coronas.

LXVIII.

- (29) That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flowers, much wond'ring where,
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
5 Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of heav'n ; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
10 On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me : I started back,
15 It started back ; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love : there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me : What thou seest,
20 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;
With thee it comes and goes ; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy
25 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.

MILTON.

LXVIII.

(29) "That day I oft remember, when from sleep."—MILTON.

- Quam memini, quâ prima die resoluta sopore
 Me stupui exsomnis molli recubare sub umbrâ
 Flore ; ibi dum jacui meditabar inania rerum,
 Quove loco, quidve ipsa forem, quâ forte venirem,
 5 Undeve ducta rogans ? Sed aquarum fertur ad aures
 Haud procul inde sonus, lymphasque exire loquaces
 Nosco antris, videoque effusi fluminis æquor
 Immotum, vivosque lacus magis æthere puros.
 Carpsi iter, adque sinus ignara locique meique
 10 Procubui herbosos ; vitrea et mox stagna tuebar
 Desuper : en, flexis stabat polus alter ocellis,
 Et geminæ cœli facies ; tum forma tuenti
 Adversa, et speculum radiabat imagine aquosum
 Me cupiente : pedem referebam, retulit illa
 15 Se ; redii sed amans, rediit sed amantior ultro ;
 Et simili affectu petere et dare conscia visa est
 Obtutus ; potuique etiamnum fixa manere,
 Et desiderio languentem pascere inani
 Usque animum ad ripas, ni vox venisset ad aures :
 20 " Quam formosa vides ipsius crede figuram ;
 " Te fugiente fugit redit et redeunte : sed adsis,
 " Me duce devenies verum, non corporis umbram.
 " Hic manet adventus molles, cui debita figas
 " Oscula, cui formam visa est tua forma referre.
 25 " Hunc, thalamo junctum stabili, tu prole parentem
 " Innumerâ facies, et magna ab origine mater
 " Ipsa hominum audieris."

LXIX.

- (30) So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
5 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd ; and over-head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
10 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradise upsprung :
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
15 Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.

MILTON.

LXIX.

- (30) "So on he fares, and to the border comes."—MILTON.

Pergit ita, et fines aperit Paradisus amœnos
Jam propior ; virides, ceu rustica mœnia, colles
Cingunt immensi capita avia ruris, et horret
Vepribus intonsis laterum dejectus, agresti
5 Senta situ nec amica pedi loca : desuper ingens
Pendet sylva comis et inxsuperabilis umbrâ,
Cum patulâ cedrus palmâ, cumque abiete pinus,
Mirandi simulans spectacula longa theatri :
Ordineque exsurgunt umbrisque prementibus umbras
10 Arboreæ frondes et ramis scena coruscis.
Ambitiosa tamen Paradisi mœnia ad auras
Stantque virentque nemus super omne ; ut copia visûs
Fiat ibi genitori hominum, dum prospicit orbem
Infra se positum penitusque adfinia regna.

LXX.

- (31) What wonder, then, if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
5 Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare ?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazzled ; far and wide his eye commands ;
10 For light no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator ; as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall ; and th' air
15 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far.

MILTON.

LXX.

(31) "What wonder, then, if fields and regions here."—MILTON.

- Quis stupet ergo istos toto passim æquore campos
Felices spirare aurai simplicis ignem,
Quis potari aurum fluviis, si semina rerum
Tot mirandarum Titan variosque colores,
5 Arte Prometheâ coelestis Mulciber, addit,
Temperie tactuque potens, procul inde remotis
Vel nobis, ubi nox et terreus officit humor?
Lucifer hîc nova miratur, non ille retortis
Cuncta oculis, nam cuncta tenet; simul objice et umbrâ
10 Visa carent, pariter jubar est quodcunque videtur;
Ceum quum solstitium medias a vertice terras
Perculit: hîc etenim penitus ferit æthera sursum
Undique inoffensum lumen, neque corpus obumbrat
Hîc ullum cœlos, nec factus opacior ullâ est
15 Parte polus, sed visum acuens tenuissimus aër
Longinqua adducit.

Section V.



LATIN LYRICS.

LXXI.

(SAPPHICS.)

- (1) I am this fountain's god ; below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
5 Through the meadows do they glide
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about
To find the even'st channel out.

FLETCHER.

LXXI.

(SAPPHICS.)

(1) "I am this fountain's god ; below."—FLETCHER.

Sum potens fontis deus hujus : infra
Crescit in rivum mea lymp̄ha, et inter
Consita ex utrâque salicta ripâ
Non nisi in udo

5 Læta, delabens secat unda pratum, et
Ambitu*serpit sinuosa multo, et
Alveos quærens redit æquiores
Sæpius in se.

LXXII.

(SAPPHICS.)

- (2) To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all,
Together;
5 Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.
Give but his horns the slightest touch,
10 His self-collecting power is such
He shrinks into his house with much
Displeasure.

LXXII.-

(SAPPHICS.

(2) "To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall."—COWPER.

Cochlea haud lapsûs metuens inhæret
 Pariete et ficu, folisque et herbis;
 Pars ut innasci videatur istic
 Testaque et ipsa.

5 Conditur securâ ibi convoluta,
 Sive coelestes aqua ducat iras,
 Sive tempestas aliud pericli
 Cunque minetur.

Cornibus strictis simul illa sensit
 10 Vel leves tactus, adeo coactis
 Se capit membris, abit, et latebris
 Æstuat irâ.

LXXIII.

(SAPPHICS.)

(3) Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

5 Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind
10 (He and his house are so combined),
If, finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

COWPER.

LXXIII.

(SAPPHICS.)

(3) (*The same continued.*)

Sicubi sedes colat illa, solas
Optat; his secum fruitur, nec extra
Se petens quicquam, fieri supellex
Vult sibi tota.

5 Sic eremitæ juvat acta vita,
Absque convictu sociisve mensis;
Seu qua sit conviva, edit illa tanto
Ocyus escas.

Ipsa quem fallat, domibus repertis,
10 Cæcior cæcis merito vocetur;
Lege tam strictâ placet usque jungi
Incolam et ædes.

LXXIV.

(SAPPHICS.

- (4) Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.
- 5 The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.
 That age is best which is the first,
- 10 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times, still succeed the former.
 Then be not coy, but use your time ;
 And while ye may go marry ;
- 15 For having lost but once your prime,
 Ye may for ever tarry.

HERRICK.

LXXIV.

(SAPPHICS.)

(4) "Gather ye rose buds while ye may."—HERRICK.

Dum licet flores, fugit invida ætas,
Carpite æstivos; hodierna vobis
Quæ brevis ridet rosa cras soluta
Morte jacebit.

5 Lampas et cœli decus ille Phœbus,
Quo magis curru rapit alta templa,
Cursibus tanto citius peractis
Ibit in undas.

Optima ætatis fugit hora princeps,
10 Caldior venis salit ut juventa;
Pejor absumptâ subit, et suprema
Pessima quæque est.
Quid fugax cessas? Abit hora amoris
Justa; tempestiva puella nube.
15 Excidat cui flos semel, omne virgo
Sperat in ævum.

LXXV.

(SAPPHICS.)

THE SECULAR MASK.

- (5) JANUS. Chronos, Chronos, mend thy pace;
 An hundred times the rolling sun
 Around the radiant belt has run
 In his revolving race.
 5 Behold, behold, the goal in sight,
 Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

*Enter CHRONOS, with a scythe in his hand, and a globe
 on his back, which he sets down at his entrance.*

- CHRONOS. Weary, weary of my weight,
 Let me, let me drop my freight,
 And leave the world behind.
 10 I could not bear,
 Another year,
 The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS, laughing.

- MOMUS. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Well hast thou
 done,
 To lay down thy pack,
 15 And lighten thy back;
 The world was a fool, e'er since it begun;
 And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I
 Can hinder the crimes,
 Or mend the bad times,
 20 'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

LXXV.

(SAPPHICS.)

(5) FABULA SÆCULARIS.

JANUS. Perge tu, Saturne, age, perge pennis :
 Phœbus in centum revolutus orbes,
 Auræ zonæ spatiis peractis,
 Ambiit astra

5 Centies : en, jam manifesta meta est,
 Præpes impletas quate lætus alas.

SATURNUS. Quippe quem dudum pigeat ferendi
 Ponderis, adsum
 Tardus : excussus mihi fascis esto ;
 10 His lever terris, hominumque prole :
 Alterum nam non potero per annum
 Munus obire.

MOMUS. O bone, excussus mihi risus esto !
 Euge ; mox ibis levior repostâ
 15 Sarcinâ : vecors fuit usque ab ortu
 Hic globus ipso.
 Quumque tu, Saturne, ego, et ipse Bifrons,
 Tempori adsimus moderamen impar,
 Temperet fletu melior cachinnus
 20 Improba sæcla.

LXXVI.

(SAPPHICS.)

(6) JANUS. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the show,
That he may see in every scene,
What changes in this age have been,
CHRONOS. 5 Then goddess of the silver bow, begin.
[Horns or hunting music, within.]

Enter DIANA.

DIANA. With horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to the woodland-walks away ;
I tuck up my robe and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon.

10 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er the summits
of rocks ;
With shouting and hooting we pierce through
the sky,
And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS. Then our age was in its prime.

CHRONOS. Free from rage ;

DIANA. 15 And free from crime.

MOMUS. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
[*Dance of Diana's attendants.*]

LXXVI.

(SAPPHICS.)

(6) (*The same continued.*)

JANUS. Quæris in terris tibi, Mome, risum :
 Tuque jam spectacula, senex, reclude,
 Auctor ævorum ; videat peractis
 Tempora fastis

5 Quas vices rerum dederint.

SATURNUS. Agamus :

Incipe, argenteis Dea clara telis.

DIANA. Excitans lucem catulisque cornuque,
 Ad fruticeti

10 Tramites accingor, et expeditis
 Veste succinctâ propero in cothurnis,
 Cornibus frontem redimita lunæ :
 Inde fugacem

Insequor cervum excipioque vulpem,

15 Aut capram cursu quatio per alta
 Saxa ; clamantumque ululatus axem
 Rumpit, et Echo

Fitque venatrix iteratque voces.

JANUS. Ipse flos nostri fuit illud ævi

20 Tempus.

SATURNUS. Intactum rabie—

DIANA. Nec ullâ

Lugubre culpâ.

MOMUS. Perque festivum, bibulum et choreis

25 Deditum tempus ; male sobriorum
 Corda tum vino genium fovebant
 Nescia curæ.

LXXVII.

(SAPPHICS.)

Enter MARS.

(7) MARS. Inspire the vocal brass, inspire ;

The world is past its infant age ;

Arms and honour,

Arms and honour

5 Set the martial mind on fire,

And kindle manly rage.

Mars has look'd the sky to red ;

And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.

Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly ;

10 The sprightly green

In woodland walks no more is seen ;

The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian die.

DRYDEN.

LXXVII.

(SAPPHICS.)

(7) (*The same continued.*)

MARS. Æs sonet flatu sonet æs canorum;
 Provocat sæclum, nucibus relictis,
 Gloria excretum; ciet arma vibrans
 Gloria gentes.

5 Martios ignes animus virilis
 Concipit, flagrans rabie et pudore;
 Mars polum aspectu rubefecit ipso, et
 Segne refugit

Pax bonum terris, et opes, et otî
 10 Gaudia; agrestem virides colorem
 Tramites mutant, Tyriosque fucos
 Combibit herba.

LXXVIII.

(SAPPHICS.)

(8) Sound the trumpet, beat the drum
Through all the world around.

15 Sound a reveillè, sound, sound,
The warrior god is come!

MOMUS. Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
And let mankind agree ;

Better the world were fast asleep

20 Than kept awake by thee.

The fools are only thinner,

With all our cost and care ;

But neither side a winner,

For things are as they were.

LXXVIII.

(SAPPHICS.)

(8) (*The same continued.*)

Tympanum pulsu strepet, æra cantu.
Personat terras abigitque somnos
Armiger Mavors ; rapit ardor omnem
Martius orbem.

MOM. 5 Terra, vaginâ gladium premente,
Sit sibi concors, potiusque toto
Dormiat sæclo tibi quam recusis
Excubet armis.

Quid facis stultos nisi rariores,
10 Sedulus perdens operam, relapsis
Rebus, ut, nullo superante, palma
Pendeat anceps ?

LXXIX.

(SAPPHICS.)

- (9) All hail ! inexorable Lord !
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall !
Thy cruel, wo-delighted train,
5 The ministers of grief and pain—
A sullen welcome all !
With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart ;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
10 And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring and pouring,
The storm no more I dread,
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
Round my devoted head.

LXXIX.

(SAPPHICS.)

(9) "All hail! inexorable Lord!"—BURNS.

Raptor, haud ullis precibus movende,
Voce qui magnos mala fulminante
Excutis reges opibus superbis,
Maxime, salve!

5 Quem ferum semper comitatur agmen,
Quem Dolor circumvolat atque Luctus;
Lugubri salvere jubemus omnem
Voce catervam.

Figor, et vultu sedet horror exspes,
10 Tela dum torques, penitusque corde
Copulâ vulnus tenerum resectâ
Sedit in imo.

Obrutus nondum timeo procellas;
Jamque securum ferit, et sacratum
15 Densior circa caput atriorque
Ingruit imber.

LXXX.

(SAPPHICS.)

- (10) And Thou, grim Power, by life abhorred,
While life a pleasure can afford,
Oh ! hear a wretch's prayer ;
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid,—
5 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care !
When shall my soul in silent peace
Resign life's joyless day ;
My weary heart its throbbing cease,
10 Cold, mould'ring in the clay ?—
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face ;
Enclaspèd, and graspèd,
Within thy cold embrace ?

BURNS.

LXXX.

(SAPPHICS.)

(10) (*The same continued.*)

Tuque quam vivi trepidant Potestas,
 Vita dum grata est, miseram vocantis
 Audias vocem ; neque enim expavesco
 Tela minantem

5 Deprecans ; ultro fer opem ; benignam
 Provoco dextram : miseri tumultus
 Quando erunt mentis tibi submovendi ?

O ubi luce

Cedam, et irruptâ requie perosus

10 Tristia et vitam fruar ; ægra quando
 Pulverem nactus tumulique compos
 Corda resolvam ?

Tum timor nullus quatiet, genasve

Tinget exsanguis lacryma ; at tenebor,

15 Et tuæ stringar metuente solvi
 Frigore dextræ.

LXXXI.

(SAPPHICS.)

- (11) Distracted with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing can move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
5 Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
10 Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.
When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
15 And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
20 But a neck when once broken
Can never be set;
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
But that he could live
25 But as long as he could;
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
30 But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

LXXXI.

(SAPPHICS.)

(11) "Distracted with care."—WALSH.

Phyllida infelix sibi non movendam
 Deperit Damon ; face dum puellæ
 Nil spei dantis male maceratur ;
 Non tulit æger

5 Vulnus ; immanes furialis arces
 Scandit, in præceps, meditans, ruinâ
 Desuper factâ, subitum dolori
 Quærere finem.

Jam puer nactus scopulos frequenti
 10 Cote dejectus et acuta leto
 Saxa et immensum stupuit profundum :
 Queis sibi visis

Cogitat tristis, stimulos recensens,
 Posse amatorem nova ferre vincla,
 15 Nec tamen cervice caput refractâ
 Posse reponi ;

Et dari mortem sibi se volente,
 Esse sed quantum dederint Sorores
 Cuique vivendum. Pudet inde cæpti

20 Finis amorum :
 Crescat in pejus dolor, at ferendus :
 Virque jam constans animo, dolore
 Fortiter spreto, tenues requirit
 Ille Penates.

LXXXII.

(SAPPHICS.)

- (12) Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose;
5 I plucked it, though no better grown;
And now you see how full it's blown;
Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
10 And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air and sun,
To the young flower my breath has done.
If one loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
15 Of purest love and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that, which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

WALLER.

LXXXII.

(SAPPHICS.)

(12) "Lately on yonder swelling bush."—WALLER.

Quâ novas trudent fruticeta virgas
 Prole venturâ gravidas rosarum,
 Hæc rubescebat modo parte prodens
 Gemma colores :

5 Ut fuit carpsi tamen ; exit inde,
 Antea impubes, aperitque risus ;
 Jamque distinguens rubet, ecce, plenos
 Flosculus orbes.

Dum rosæ scintilla,fovetur usque
 10 Spiritu nostro, sibi purpuræ vim
 Flammeam duxit, quasi semen ignis
 Gemma fuisset,

Postmodo arsurum face luculentâ :
 Sic quod in pullo* voluere soles
 15 Flore, quod ventus fieri, peregit
 Halitus oris.

Hoc mero flatu potui ; quid ergo
 Non amans idem potero, paratur
 Quando amor, quando lyra, Flavîæque
 20 Quum movet ignes
 Iste, qui flori properabat horam,
 Unde vel segnes caluere gemmæ,
 Iste, ut in pectus calidum juventâ
 Spiritus ibit ?

* Comp. HOR. *Carm.*, i. 25, 18, Gaudeat pullâ magis atque myrto.
 and *Epod.*, 16, 46, Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem.

LXXXIII.

(ALCAICS.)

- (13) Ancient dame, how wide and vast,
 To a race like ours appears,
 Rounded to an orb at last,
 All thy multitude of years !
5 We, the herd of human kind,
 Frailer and of feebler powers ;
 We, to narrow bounds confined,
 Soon exhaust the sum of ours.
 Death's delicious banquet we
10 Perish even from the womb,
 Swifter than a shadow flee,
 Nourish'd but to feed the tomb.
 Seeds of merciless disease
 Lurk in all that we enjoy ;
15 Some that waste us by degrees,
 Some that suddenly destroy.
 And if life o'erleap the bourn
 Common to the sons of men,
 What remains, but that we mourn,
20 Dream, and dote, and drivel then ?

COWPER.

LXXXIII.

(ALCAICS.)

(13) "Ancient dame, how wide and vast."—COWPER.

Annosa, quantos adnumeras tibi
 Fastos ! stupemus, quale sumus genus,
 Completa, tot dum volvis annos,
 Orbe suo tua sæcla condi.

5 Nos impotenti de grege volvitur
 Angustiore tempore in modum,
 Nos tenuiores, quosque vitæ
 Summa brevis miseros coercet.

Nos optat escas, eque utero rapit
 10 In prole prædam Mors volucris magis
 Umbræ fugaces ; crescit Orco
 Inque rogos alitur propago.

Crudescit ipsis deliciis malum,
 Ipsaque morbi semen inest dape ;
 15 Hos pestis improvisa tollit,
 Hos minuit mora longa tabis.

Sin vita præscriptum superet, seni
 Quid restat ultro ? Scilicet ut sibi
 Funesta delirans sequatur
 20 Somnia depereatque nugas.

LXXXIV.

(ALCAICS.)

- (14) The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heav'n doth hold.
And the gilded car of Day,
His glowing axle doth allay
5 In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the East.
10 Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity,
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
15 Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age and sour Severity
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
20 Imitate the starry quire.

MILTON.

LXXXIV.

(ALCAICS.)

(14) "The star that bids the shepherd fold."—MILTON.

- Jam stella, cogat pastor oves monens,
 Coeli supremis imminet arcibus,
 Fluctuque prolutos Atlantis
 Phœbus equos rutilumque pronus
 5 Restinguit axem ; dum jubar arduum
 Caliginosos subjicit in polos
 Devexus, alternamque metam
 Ad thalamos Orientis optat
 Transire : salvete, interea joci
 10 Clamore juncti noctivago, chorus
 Non siccus, evantes, adeste,
 Orgiaque, illicitique ludi,
 Serto capillos impliciti rosæ,
 Stillante odores, vina liquentia
 15 Stillante ; cesserunt Catones
 Jam cubitum, monitorque morum
 Cessit senilis ; Socratico madens
 Sermone dormit, nulla crepans dicax
 Præcepta ; nos exercet ignis
 20 Purior atque imitatus astra.

LXXXV.

(ALCAICS.)

- (15) 'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move ;
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love !
- 5 My days are in the yellow leaf ;
 The flow'rs and fruits of love are gone ;
 The worm, the canker, and the grief,
 Are mine alone !
- The fire that on my bosom preys
10 Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
 No torch is kindled at its blaze—
 A funeral pile.

LXXXV.

(ALCAICS.)

(15) " 'Tis time this heart should be unmoved."—BYRON.

Dudum moveri desierit sinus

Immobilem qui senserit alterum :

Ast, ipse quamvis haud amandus,

Fas sit amem. Periit juventæ

5 Flos omnis, aret pampineum decus

Exsors racemo et palmite ; me manet

Eruca robigoque solum ;

Me dolor : heu populante pectus

Absumor igni solus, inhospita ut

10 Sentit Cyclopes insula, nec focis

Tædas ministrat ; solus uror

Sic ego, sic rogos ipse fio.

LXXXVI.

(ALCAICS.)

- (16) The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And pow'r of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.
- 5 But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.
- The sword, the banner, and the field,
10 Glory and Greece, around me see !
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

BYRON.

LXXXVI.

(ALCAICS.)

(16) (*The same continued.*)

Sperare non est, non tremere æmulum

Non, quæ doloris pars generosior,

Sentire sublimes amoris

Fas mihi jam stimulos, sed uri

5 Tantum catenis ! Nec tamen his locus,

Aptusve curis queis agitor dies,

Quo laurus heroûm feretra

Ambiit, impediitve frontes.

En signa et enses ! en aciem vocant

10 Et laus et Hellas ! poscimur : haud dedit

Spartanus in scuto relatus

Pectora liberiora morti.

LXXXVII.

(ALCAICS.)

- (17) Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen,
Within thy aëry shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
5 Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are ?
Oh, if thou have
10 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of Parly, daughter of the Sphere,
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's
harmonies.

MILTON.

LXXXVII.

(ALCAICS.)

(17) "Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen."—MILTON.

- O Nympha, testæ dulce decus tuæ,
 Echo, sub auras abdita, seu latens
 Quâ segne Mæandri fluentis
 Ripa viret, violæve pingunt
 5 Valles, amorem quâ bene perditum
 Decantat Atthis nocte avis : an potes
 Narrare Narcissi tenellam
 Par juvenum referens figuram ?
 O, si sub antro tu pueros mihi
 10 Celas rosarum floribus obsito,
 Quo furta condantur locorum
 Dic modo, dulcisonæ loquelæ
 Regina, cœli filia concavi ;
 Sic rapta tangas æthera, sic sono
 15 Crescant repercusso Deorum
 Carmina, bis placitura Olympo.

LXXXVIII.

(ALCAICS.)

- (18) Start not—nor deem my spirit fled :
 In me behold the only skull
 From which, unlike a living head,
 Whatever flows is never dull.
- 5 I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee ;
 I died ; let earth my bones resign :
 Fill up—thou canst not injure me ;
 The worm hath fouler lips than thine.
 Better to hold the sparkling grape,
- 10 Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood ;
 And circle in the goblet's shape
 The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

LXXXVIII.

(ALCAICS.)

(18) "Start not—nor deem my spirit fled."—BYRON.

- Mireris ? aut nos jam nihil amplius
 Spirare credas ? En caput unicum
 Unde exit,—o si sic cerebra
 Viva forent !—nihil inficeti.
- 5 Ut tu, puellis aptior et mero
 Vixi, sed actum est ! jam cape Massico
 Explenda quæ tellus resignat
 Ossa ; nihil queror, osculatur
 Eruca pejus. Pascere sordidos
- 10 Malimne vermes, an laticis capax
 Splendere ? Dem mensis Deorum
 Pocula, bestiolæve prædam ?

LXXXIX.

(ALCAICS.)

- (19) Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others let me shine ;
And when, alas ! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine ?
5 Quaff while thou canst ; another race,
When thou and thine, like me, are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.
Why no—since through life's little day
10 Our heads such sad effects produce,
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

BYRON.

LXXXIX.

(ALCAICS.)

(19) (*The same continued.*)

Festivus olim, nunc adero salis

Minister ; ex me prome facetias,

Hospes : quid extinctum cerebrum

Restituat potius Falerno ?

5 Dum fas, bibendum : te quoque cum tuis,

Ut nos, sepultum gens nova suscitet

Ad vina rursum barbitonque

Ossa, nefas ! rapiens sub auras.

Quid obstat ? Ergo quod spatio brevi

10 Tantum nocebas, fas, caput, exuas

Cum tabe vermes, inque vitæ

Tandem aliquos revoceris usus.

XC.

(ALCAICS.)

- (20) When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah ! whither strays the immortal mind ?
It cannot die, it cannot stray,
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
- 5 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way ?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes, that all survey ?
Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
- 10 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall :
Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
- 15 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all, that was, at once appears.

BYRON.

XC.

(ALCAICS.)

(20) "When coldness wraps this suffering clay."—BYRON.

Quum frigus ambit membra laboribus

Defuncta, quo mens ignea, non mori,

Errare non se passa, cæcas

Aufugit exuvias relinquens ?

5 An tum recenset mole carens, eant

Quot astra cœlo, singula consequens ?

An complet unâ vi profundum,

Fitque oculus, fruiturque signis ?

Æterna, solvi nescia, finibus

10 Immunis ; ipsa at mens mera, perspicax

Cœlique terrarumque, quondam

Visa iterans, nova quæque lustrans,

Tum fiet ævi conscia quod prius

Egissee vix se credat, et in dies

15 Reflexa decursos, in unam

Quicquid erat revocabit horam.

XCI.

(ALCAICS.)

- (21) When Time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion ! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed !
5 No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep or wish the coming blow ;
No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.
But silent let me sink to earth,
10 With no officious mourners near :
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a tear.
Yet love, if love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
15 Might then exert its latest pow'r
In her who lives and him who dies.
'Twere sweet, my Psyche ! to the last
Thy features still serene to see :
Forgetful of its struggles past,
20 Even pain itself should smile on thee.

BYRON.

XCI.

(ALCAICS.)

(21) "When Time, or soon or late, shall bring."—BYRON.

Oblivio ! quum serius ocyus

Nox imminebit quæ sine somniis

Ducat soporem, tu cubile

Languidulo foveas susurro

5 Alarum : at absint qui socii fleant

Quique optet hæres fata mihi, et nurus,

Sincera quæ, seu ficta plorans,

Solvat ad officium capillos.

Sed me silentem terra premat ; procul

10 Sit turba fletu sedula ; næniâ

Nolite convictum, sodales,

Rumpere, neve epulas in horam

Fædare : at o si tum gemitus queat

Frenare ineptos fortis Amor, regat

15 Supremus ambos ; hæc superstes

Pareat, hic moriens, Amori.

Quantum juvares tum facie, mea

Psyche, serenâ ! præteriti tibi

Rideret oblitus laboris

20 Cum placido Dolor ipse vultu.

XCII.

(ALCAICS.)

- (22) On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
- 5 But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.
By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
- 10 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.
Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
- 15 And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

XCII.

(ALCAICS.)

(22) "On Linden when the sun was low."—CAMPBELL.

- Sol pronus umbras deproperans adhuc
Intaminatas cæde nives videt ;
 Atrasque devolvens Isara
 Torquet aquas hiemale flumen.
5 Quassata sed mox tympana, sed cito
 Cædem parari flamma micans monet ;
 Et quæ silebat nox timores
 Omine longè alio minatur. .
Aptantur enses ; audit eques tubas
10 Tædasque cernit ; stricta acies micat,
 Dirusque commissator optat
 Cum fremitu sonipes tumultum.
Sensere montes fulmina, nec minus
Volvante flammæ nare fremunt equi ;
15 Et tela Divorum fragore
 Ignivomo simulant balistæ.

XCIII.

(ALCAICS.)

- (23) But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
- 5 'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.
The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
- 10 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!
Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
- 15 And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

XCIII.

(ALCAICS.)

(23) (*The same continued.*)

- Mox erubescens tetrrior igneo
Tinget cruentas cæde nives color
Montesque ; jam torquens Isara
Sanguineas properabit undas.
5 Vix æqua tollens ora dies neci
Fumum obvolutum rumpit, ubi Scythæ
Gallicque permisto furore
Sulfureæ reboant tenebræ.
Mars crescit hastis, laurea seu vocat
10 Seu quem cupressus ; Munichium viros,
Vexilla profer, nunc in hostem
Calcar, eques, preme, perge, miles.
E tot manipulis quantula pars redit !
Nivale tegmen corpora quot virûm
15 Volveret, quot heroûm tumescens
Reliquiis premet ossa cæspes !

XCIV.

(ALCAICS.)

- (24) Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When rains begin to part ;
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.
- 5 Still seem, as to my boyhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the Earth and Heaven.
Can all that optics teach unfold
- 10 Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?
When Science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
- 15 What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

XCIV.

(ALCAICS.)

(24) "Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky."—CAMPBELL.

Quid sis, docendus, non Sapientiam

Quæro superbam, qui capis æthera,

Arcus triumphalis, fugato

Sol quoties redit imbre victor.

5 Felicibus te pontem animis dari

Infans putabam, sic videare, ubi

Cælestis ad terras meatus

Se mediâ statione sistat.

Sordet magister gnomonis et poli

10 Interpretatus te mihi, quem juvat

Finxisse celantem recurvis

Crysolithos latebris et aurum.

Quum docta fraudes tollit, et exuit

Mens orbe tegmen, mens magicos dolos,

15 Cedit venustas, legè terras,

Lege polum cohibente durâ.

XCV.

(ALCAICS.)

- (25) And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.
- 5 When o'er the green undelug'd earth
Heav'n's cov'nant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth,
To watch thy sacred sign.
And when its yellow lustre smiled
- 10 O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.
Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rung,
- 15 On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sung.

XCV.

(ALCAICS.)

(25) (*The same continued.*)

- Non, pulcher arcus, fabula nasceris,
Cui testis Auctor narrat origines,
Et veste cur cingas Olympum
Fulmineâ radiisque textis.
- 5 Omen renatis e refluo mari
Cœleste terris ver referens suum,
Ut te, relictâ nave, sæcli
Fons, veteres stupuere patres !
Risu tenentem tum croceo juga
- 10 Vestigiorum nescia te, Dei
Arcum, salutabat levato
Ad superas pia mater auras
Infante : credo, sospes ab æquore
Te terra primis laudibus extulit ;
- 15 Non ante tentatis poetæ
Te numeris cecinere primi.

XCVI.

(ALCAICS.)

- (26) Nor ever shall the muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam :
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.
- 5 The earth to thee her incense yields,
The hark her welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.
How glorious is thy girdle cast
- 10 O'er mountain, tow'r, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !
As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties gleam,
- 15 As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.
For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heav'n still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
- 20 That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

XCVI.

(ALCAICS.)

(26) (*The same continued.*)

- Nunquam colores suspiciens tuos
 Non incalescet musa : sacro seni
 Cantata quondam, semper, Iris,
 Carminibus celebranda nostris.
 5 Te ture tellus prosequitur, jubent
 Salvere alaudæ, post pluvias ubi
 Per lætiores imbre campos
 Candidulæ enituere bullæ.
 Curvamine ambis quam juga fulgido
 10 Turresque et urbes, et vada Tethyos,
 Quum mille per fluctus reflexâ
 Imbuis oceanum coronâ !
 Tam clara cœli margine lividâ,
 Tam pura fulges, quam sacra reppulit
 15 Quum claustra fulgebas, tuumque
 Rex avium jubar hausit alis.
 Nam firmat auctor Scripta Deus, tuos
 Arcus retexens, ne pereat fides,
 Turpive pallescant veterno
 20 Prima homini data signa pacis.

XCVII.

(ALCAICS.)

- (27) It is the day when he was born,
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.
- 5 The time admits not flowers nor leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of north and east, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpened eaves,
And bristles all the brakes and thorns
- 10 To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns
Together, in the drifts that pass,
To darken in the rolling brine
- 15 That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board, and brim the glass ;
Bring in great logs, and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat ;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
- 20 Of all things e'en as he were by ;
We keep the day, with festal cheer,
With books and music. Surely we
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

TENNYSON.

XCVII.

(ALCAICS.)

(27) "It is the day when he was born."—TENNYSON.

Natalis illi lux redit : asperam

Maturior vis condiderat diem

Tingens pruinosos vapores

Sole brevi, viduansque noctem

5 Luce. Haud rosarum tempus, egent rosis

Mensæ ; sed Eurus cum Boreâ ferox

Bacchatur ; inspicata pendet

Stiria sub trabibus, rubosque

Vepresque obarmat ; dum riget æthere

10 Phœbe renascens, rostraque mugiens

Collisa cum ferri fragore et

Nuda fero quatit ossa planctu

Sylva ; et procellâ præpete nix salo

Delenda fertur candida livido

15 Tundente arenas : sed bibendum,

Vina liques, niteantque mensæ ;

Ignis medullam ligna super foco

Large reponens exstrue ; nec minus

Sermone festivo retractes

20 Omnia, dans cyathos amici,

Tanquam hic, colendus, quicquid erit, suis

Conviva adesset : neu requies lyræ

Sit, neve capsæ, dum canatur

Quod recini placuisset ipsi.

XCVIII.

(ASCLEPIADEAN WITH GLYCONIC, HOR. CARM. I. 6.)

- (28) Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess !
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast ;
5 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
10 That fly th' approach of morn.

XCVIII.

(ASCLEPIADEAN WITH GLYCONIC.)

(28) "Gáy hope is theirs, by fancy fed."—GRAY.

His pascunt animi spem nitidam, minus
Quæ deprensa juvet, decidit in genas
Siccaturque simul lacryma, cordaque
Sole aprica calent suo.

5 Florent incolumes ore rosæ, et vigor
Membris ; usque novos dum reperit jocos
Mens effrena, animi dum saliunt bonis
Sano in pectore viribus.

Tum segura dies, et facilis sopor,
10 Et noctes vacuæ, dum liquidum et leve
Spirant corda, paret quod sibi somnia
Primâ luce fugacia.

XCIX.

(ASCLEPIADEAN WITH GLYCONIC, HOR. CARM. I. 6.)

- (29) Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day ;
5 Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah ! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band !
10 Ah ! tell them they are men.

XCIX.

(ASCLEPIADEAN WITH GLYCONIC.)

(29) (*The same continued.*)

Quantorum immemores ludere homunculos
 Fatorum juvat! Heu, victima sic nihil
 Sentit, nil metuit, crastina quid dies
 Cervici immeritæ ferat!

- 5 En, humana premens colla Necessitas,
 En, funesta trahit Sors Furias, viam
 Cingens obsidiis undique! Quis sua
 Ergo est qui pueris canat
 Fata, Orcique minas illacrymabilis,
 10 Humanamve homines edoceat vicem,
 Tigresve hinnuleis indicet asperas,
 Agnisque insidias lupi?

C.

(ASCLEPIADEAN WITH GLYCONIC, HOR. CARM. I. 6.)

- (30) Lo ! in the vale of years beneath,
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen :
5 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That ev'ry lab'ring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage ;
 Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
10 And slow-consuming Age.

C.

(ASCLEPIADEAN WITH GLYCONIC.)

(30) (*The same continued.*)

Heu, quam obscæna cohors excubat ultimis
 Annorum spatiis ! En, soboles adest
 Mortis, dira magis matre, molestior
 Ipsâ turba comes duce.

5 Hic artus crucians, ille parans febres
 Venis, strenuus hic tortor adest petens
 Nervos morbus, at hæc visceribus lues
 Defigens penitus malum :

Tandem, ne numerus deficiat, subit
 10 Importuna animos Pauperies manu
 Stringens egelidâ, et membra terens suâ
 Tempus tabe senilia.

CI.

(ASCLEPIADEAN WITH GLYCONIC, HOR. CARM. I. 6.)

- (31) To each his suff'rings ; all are men
 Condemn'd alike to groan,
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
5 Yet ah ! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss
10 'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

CI.

(ASCLEPIADEAN WITH GLYCONIC.)

(31) (*The same continued.*)

Sortes quisque suas lege hominum dolet ;

Nulli non gemitus non lacrymæ datæ ;

Quum turgent tenerum fata aliena, nec

Expers ille molestiis,

5 Durus qui sua flet, nec nisi quæ sua.

Cur ergo properent crastina noscere ?

Nunquam sera nimis tristis adest dies,

Felix heu fugere occupat !

Quid plura ? Elysium perditur his suum,

10 Mistum consiliis : scire quid expedit

Quos nescire juvat ? Quid sapere est nisi

Delirare operosius ?

CII.

(ASCLEPIADEAN STANZA, HOR. CARM. I. 5.)

- (32) Ah, Cælia ! where are now the charms
That did such wondrous passions move ?
Time, cruel time, those eyes disarms,
And blunts the feeble darts of Love.
5 What malice does the tyrant bear,
To women's interest, and to ours ?
Beauties in which the public share,
The greedy villain first devours.
Who, without tears, can see a prince,
10 That trains of fawning courtiers had,
Abandon'd, left without defence ?
Nor is thy hapless fate less sad.

CII.

(ASCLEPIADEAN STANZA.)

(32) "Ah, Cælia! where are now the charms?"—WALSH.

Quo fugit Venus heu! Cœlia, jam tibi?

Quo tam mirus amor? Præripit improba

Ætas lumen ocellis,

Ætas tela Cupidini.

5 Hæc invidit atrox femineæ rei,

Nec nobis minus est invida, quæ, decus

Si quid publica cura est,

Raptans ante diem vorat.

Cui non ille foret rex miserabilis,

10 Nuper quem solita est turba inhians sequi,

Jam nudo latere? Et tu

Tali pressa jaces vice.

CIII.

(ASCLEPIADEAN STANZA, HOR. CARM. I. 5.)

- (33) See the ungrateful slaves, how fast
They from thy setting glories run ;
And in what crowds they haste
To worship Flavia's rising sun !
5 In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
In vain those eyes would love impart ;
Not all the advances, all the smiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.
While Flavia, charming Flavia, still
10 By cruelty her cause maintains ;
And scarce vouchsafes a careless smile
To the poor slaves that wear her chains.
Well, Coelia, let them waste their tears ;
But sure they will in time repine,
15 That thou hast not a face like hers,
Or she has not a heart like thine.

WALSH.

CIII.

(ASCLEPIADEAN STANZA.)

(33) (*The same continued.*)

Spernit turba procorum occiduas faces

Nunc ingrata tuas, exoriens simul

Prodit Flavia sidus,

Proni in servitium novum.

5 Nequicquam illecebris sollicitas viros,

Intorquens oculos ignibus ; haud prece,

Haud risu potes unum

Jam torrere procax jecur.

Sed fastu interea Flavia rem levi

10 Dignatur gerere, et quos pueros tenet

Gratâ compede, risu

Temnit lubrica Flavia.

Quin perdant, lacrymas, Coelia ; sed brevi

Flebunt quod facies non tibi manserit

15 Qualis jam color huic, aut

Huic non quale tibi jecur.

CIV.

(ASCLEPIADEAN STANZA, HOR. CARM. I. 5.)

- (34) I come from haunts of coot and herne,
I make a sudden sally ;
I sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.
5 By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges ;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.
Then last by Philip's farm I flow,
10 To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever !

TENNYSON.

CIV.

(ASCLEPIADEAN STANZA.)

(34) "I come from haunts of coot and herne."—TENNYSON.

Quas mergus latebras, ardea quas fovet,
Linquens, per filices gemmeus emico

Fons, ut valle loquaces

Lymphæ prosiliant meæ.

5 Triginta et trepidans per juga, collibus

Elusisve fugax, oppidulum appetit

Centum pontibus apta et

Bis denos aqua viculos.

Extremusque adeo rura Philippica,

10 Miscendus saturo flumine; namque eat

Citro turba retro, sed

Nos in sæcula labimur.

CV.

(ASCLEPIADEAN STANZA, HOR. CARM. I. 5.)

- (35) Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
 With his hawk upon his hand,
 Saw a fair and stately galley,
 Steering onward to the land ;—
5 How he heard the ancient helmsman
 Chant a song so wild and clear,
 That the sailing sea-bird slowly
 Poised upon the mast to hear.
 Till his soul was full of longing,
10 And he cried with impulse strong,
 “ Helmsman ! for the love of heaven,
 Teach me, too, that wondrous song ! ”
 “ Wouldst thou,” so the helmsman answer’d,
 “ Learn the secret of the sea ?
15 Only those who brave its dangers
 Comprehend its mystery.”

LONGFELLOW.

CV.

(ASCLEPIADEAN STANZA.)

(35) "Telling how the Count Arnaldos."—LONGFELLOW.

Arnaldo comiti visa, refert, manu
Gestanti accipitrem, quæ fuerit ratis,
Recto litora cursu

Pictis puppibus appetens ;

5 Auditumque senex quod caneret melos
Tiphys, tam liquidum et lege carens, larus
Ut radens iter alis

Staret lentus in arbore

Auditurus ; at hunc corda cupidine

10 Perculsum, petiisse, et superos prece
Testatum, "doceamur

Miros nos etiam, modos

Rector." Cui senior, "visne maris sacrum
Carmen scire ? opus est experiare aquas :

15 Ista arcana patebunt
Unâ lege periculi."

CVI.

(ALTERNATE ASCLEPIADEAN, HOR. CARM. I. 3.)

- (36) To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky :
5 There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree :
Along the crisped shade and bowers
10 Revels the spruce and jocund spring,
The grace, and the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Thither all their bounties bring.
That there eternal summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
15 About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard, and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
20 Than her purpled scarf can show,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true,)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,

CVI.

(ASCLEPIADEAN STANZA.)

(36) "To the ocean now I fly."—MILTON.

Velox oceani litus amabile

Visam, perpetuo lumine quas vigil

Sol sedes videt, æquor

Quod vasto patet aëre.

5 Succos hîc liquidos ætheris hauriam

Hospesque Hesperidum deferar ad trium

Hortos usque nitentes,

Quâ junctæ patre virgines

Cingunt auricomam cantibus arborem ;

10 Perque arbusta novâ fronde comantia

Bacchatur pede verno

Flora ; adsunt roseo sinu

Horæ, et muneribus Gratia cum suis ;

Hîc et perpetuo vere Favonii

15 Alâ de redolenti

Nardos excutiunt viis,

Et spirant casiam tramite cedrino.

Hîc ducit pluvias roscida cornibus

Addens Iris odores

20 Hortis, et varium decus

Florum sollicitans, quod superet suum

Peplum versicolor, vultque hyacinthinis

Jungi regna rosarum,

Humore Elysio rigans.

- 25 Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen ;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd,
30 Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd.

MILTON.

- 25 Hic fit (si qua fides, accipite auribus
Mortales) recubans vulnere ab effero
Somno sanus Adonis :
Juxta et tristis humi sedet
Regina Assyriæ, cui puer inclytus
30 Psychen nactus Amor, quam sopor alligat
Altus, sidere multo
Distinctos tetigit Deos.

CVII.

(ALTERNATE ASCLEPIADEAN, HOR. CARM. I. 3.)

- (37) The nymph must lose her female friend,
 If more admired than she ;
But where will fierce contention end,
 If flowers can disagree ?
- 5 Within the garden's peaceful scene
 Appear'd two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
 The lily and the rose.
The rose soon redden'd into rage,
- 10 And, swelling with disdain,
Appeal'd to many a poet's page,
 To prove her right to reign.
The lily's height bespoke command,
 A fair imperial flower ;
- 15 She seem'd design'd for Flora's land,
 The sceptre of her power.

CVII.

(ALTERNATE ASCLEPIADEAN.)

(37) "The nymph must lose her female friend."—COWPER.

- Cessant pectora mutua
 Si sit laude virûm Lydia post Chloën,
 Sed rixæ quis erit modus
 Ipsis si sata sint jurgia floribus?
 5 Hortorum sibi vult rosa
 Formosa imperium, vult sibi liliûm,
 Rupto fœdere cœspitis,
 Par commisit enim lite duces decus.
 Illi purpureus furor
 10 Fastu turgidulis erubuit comis:
 "Phœbi teste," refert, "grege
 Flos florum celebror, mille modis canor."
 "Flos procerior arrogo
 Hoc jus omne mihi," liliûm ait, "meas
 15 Virgas Flora fatebitur
 Non indigna manu sceptrâ suâ dea."

CVIII.

(ALTERNATE ASCLEPIADEAN, HOR. CARM. I. 3.)

- (38) This civil bickering and debate
 The goddess chanced to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
 The pride of the parterre ;
5 Yours is, she said, the nobler hue,
 And yours the statelier mien !
And, till a third surpasses you,
 Let each be deem'd a queen.
Thus, soothed and reconcil'd, each seeks
10 The fairest British fair ;
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
 They reign united there.

COWPER.

CVIII.

(ALTERNATE ASCLEPIADEAN.)

(38) (*The same continued.*)

- Componi properat minas
 Præsens pace suâ Flora subaudiens
 Tantas, ne pereat decus
 Cultis, si fuerit segnior, hortulis.
 5 "Quanto," inquit, "color est tibi
 Præstans, tanto apices imperiosius
 Tu jactas: sit utrique idem
 Regnum, dum melior vincat utrumque honos."
 Pacatis bene convenit
 10 Misceri in facie fœmineâ, proût
 Formosissima quæque erit
 Anglarum, et sociare imperia in genas.

CIX.

(ALTERNATE ASCLEPIADEAN, HOR. CARM. I. 3.)

(39) Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting

Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,

In twisted braids of lilies knitting

5 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;

Listen for dear honour's sake,

Goddess of the silver lake.

Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us

10 In name of great Oceanus,

By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,

And Tethys' grave majestic pace,

By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,

And the Carpathian wizard's hook,*

15 By scaly Triton's winding shell,

And old soothsaying Glaucus spell,

By Leucothea's lovely hands,

And her son that rules the strands.

* "Hook" here follows up the pastoral analogy, in modern English "crook," Latin *pedum*, Virg. *Bucol.* v. 88. The "wizard" is Proteus; comp. *Georg.* iv. 387, 395.

CIX.

(ALTERNATE ASCLEPIADEAN.)

(39) "Sabrina fair."—MILTON.

- Quæ, Sabrina, tenes vitro
 Stagnum lucidius, frigus amabile,
 Audi, sub specularibus
 Undis, pulchra sedens irreligataque,
 5 Electro riguis simul
 Texens sarta comis, tortile lilium :
 Te carus moveat pudor,
 Argentei fer opem, Diva potens lacûs.
 Præsens numen ades, caput
 10 Per Sanctum Oceani, perque maris deum
 Terras cuspide qui quatit,
 Incessusque graves Tethyos, oraque
 Rugis hispida Nereos
 Duri canitie ; Carpathii pedum
 15 Testamur vitreum magi,
 Gestamenque tubæ tortile, quo sonat
 Triton squameus, et modos
 Glauci fatidicos, Leucotheæ et manus
 Formosæ niveas deæ, et
 20 Natum Leucotheâ litoris arbitrum.

CX.

ALTERNATE ASCLEPIADEAN, HOR. CARM., I. 3.)

- (40) By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
5 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
10 From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

MILTON.

CX.

(ALTERNATE ASCLEPIADEAN.)

(40) (*The same continued.*)

- Te plantas Thetis oblita
 Argento, et liquidâ voce sonantium
 Sirenum moveat melos ;
 Te flectant tumuli Parthenopeï,
 5 Sedes heu tibi flebiles ;
 Flectat cum tereti crine Ligeïum
 Pecten, quo nitet aureo
 Insidens scopulis pulchra adamantinis.
 Per pulsata choris vada
 10 Noctu Naiadum, perque oculos putres,
 Oramus, roseum e specu
 Strato curaliis surge levans caput,
 Injectoque procacibus
 Freno vorticibus, dum fueris preci
 15 Responsura vocantium,
 Exaudi, fer opem supplicibus, dea.

CXI.

(HIPPONACTEAN, HOR. CARM. II. 18.)

- (41) The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue bird prophesying spring.
- 5 So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky ;
There waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.
All things are new ; the birds, the leaves,
- 10 That gild the elm tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves ;—
There are no birds in last year's nest !

CXI.

(HIPPONACTEAN.)

(41) "The sun is bright, the air is clear."—LONGFELLOW.

- Sol renidet, aëre
Arguta Procne transvolat sereno ;
 Increpansque ver vocat
Vates ab ulmis Halcyon superbis.
5 Tamque cærulus fluit,
 Ceu fonte cœli ducat amnis haustus ;
 Quâ Favonium manet,
 Ut pressa navis deligata, nubes.
 Nil novi deest ; comis
10 Ulmus renatis vertices inaurat
 Pullus ad trabem est novus,
 Annotino jam nil fovente nido.

CXII.

(HIPPONACTEAN, HOR. CARM. II. 18.)

- (42) All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.
- 5 Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh! it is not always May!
Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
- 10 To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!
- LONGFELLOW.

CXII.

(HIPPONACTEAN.)

(42) (*The same continued.*)

Plena amore gestiunt
Dulcedine, exultantque cuncta, primâ ;
Anspice et Favonio
Vel nocte molli molliora fiunt.
5 Quæ rudes legis modos,
Virgo, juventam carpe tu fugacem ;
Carpe tempus hoc fragrans,
Ver et Venus non mense regnat omni.
Flos Amorque (cætera
10 Permitte Divis) hornus est fruendus ;
Instat hora te monens
Annotinos jam nil fovere nidos.

CXIII.

(LONG ASCLEPIADEAN, HOR. CARM. I. 11.)

- (43) Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me ;
5 The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken.
 When I remember all
10 The friends, so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather ;
 I feel like one who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
15 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
 And all but he departed !

MOORE.

CXIII.

(LONG ASCLEPIADEAN.)

(43) "Oft in the stilly night."—MOORE.

- Quando cuncta silent nocte, sopor nec tamen alligat,
Soles, Mnemosyne, præteritos tu revocas, fovens
Risque et lacrymis, quæ fuerint heu puero, senem ;
Reddens mutua verba, atque oculis luce carentibus
5 Quales splenduerint ante faces restituens, diu
Tristi cassa die corda iterum læta resarciens.
Eheu, quum recolo quot socios copula junxerat,
Quos stravit foliis jam similes deciduis hiems,
Solutus per vacuas tum videor ferre epulas pedem,
10 Extinctasque faces et viduas flore suo rosas,
Atque unus nimium jam superesse ipse miser mihi !

CXIV.

(ARCHILOCHIAN, NO. 1, HOR. CARM. I. 4.)

- (44) River, that rollest by the ancient walls,
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me ;
5 What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed !
BYRON.

CXIV.

(ARCHILOCHIAN, NO. 1.)

(44) "River, that rollest by the ancient walls."—BYRON.

Heus, fluvie, antiquâ qui labere subter arce, nostræ
Sedes amatas alluens puellæ,

Huic, quandoque vagæ ad ripas, si forte corda imago
Nostri reviset mobilis fugaxque ;

5 Sis, quidni? speculum, dum defluis arbiter pro-
fundus,

Suspriorum mille, mille amorum :

Auspice te legat illa magis fera vorticum furore

Hæc corda et undis æstuosiora !

CXV.

(ARCHILOCHIAN, NO. 2, HOR. CARM. IV. 7.)

- (45) Bright be the place of thy soul !
 No lovelier spirit than thine
 E'er burst from its mortal control,
 In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
- 5 On earth thou wert all but divine,
 As thy soul shall immortally be ;
 And our sorrow may cease to repine,
 When we know that thy God is with thee.
 Light be the turf of thy tomb !
- 10 May its verdure like emeralds be :
 There should not be the shadow of gloom
 In aught that reminds us of thee.
 Young flow'rs and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest :
- 15 But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;
 For why should we mourn for the blest ?

BYRON.

CXV.

(ARCHILOCHIAN, NO. 2.)

(45) "Bright be the place of thy soul!"—BYRON.

Lucida sit sedes animæ, neque enim altera amanda
Te magis, effugiens
Carcere corporeo, per sidera lapsa, beato
Fulserit in numero.

5 Vix homo vel terris fueras, diviniior olim
Morte carens fueris.

Non opus est lacrymis; tu præsens numen habebis,
Te Deus ipse suum.

Sit tibi terra levis, niteat de cæspite vivo
10 Gemmeus ipse color!

Absit enim noctis quum te memorabimus omen,
Tristior umbra nefas!

Surgat ibi vimen semper frondentis acanthi,
Flosculus et requiem

15 Signet; at este procul, taxe atque cupresse; beatiss
Munus inane dolor.

CXVI.

(TRIMETER AND DIMETER IAMBIC HOR. EPOD. I. 10.

- (46) She left the novel half uncut
 Upon the rosewood shelf;
She left the new piano shut,
 She could not please herself.
- 5 Then ran she, gamesome as the colt,
 And livelier than the lark
She sent her voice thro' all the holt
 Before her, and the park.
A light wind chased her on the wing,
- 10 And in the chase grew wild,
As close as might be would he cling
 About the darling child.

TENNYSON.

CXVI.

(TRIMETER AND DIMETER IAMBIC.)

(46) "She left the novel half uncut."—TENNYSON.

- Parte irresectam liquit illa fabulam
Capsâ repostam citreâ ;
Intacta plectra, clausum ebur liquit novum,
Discors sibi que displicens.
5 Tum fugit ipsâ trimâ equâ procacior,
Ipsasque alaudas provocans ;
Ludens per omne voce præmissâ nemus,
Arbusta rumpens carmine.
Mox aura præpes involare gestiit
10 In virginem, et factus fugâ
Ferox amabat dulce complexu caput
Fovere quam potissimum.

CXVII.

(TRIMETER AND DIMETER IAMBIC HOR. EPOD. I. . . . X.)

- (47) But light as any wind that blows,
 So fleetly did she stir,
 The flower, she touch'd on dipt and rose,
 And turn'd to look at her.
5 And here she came, and round me play'd,
 And sang to me the whole
 Of those three stanzas that you made
 About my "giant bole;"
 And in a fit of frolic mirth
10 She strove to span my waist;
 Alas, I was so broad of girth,
 I could not be embraced.
 I wish'd myself the fair young beech
 That here beside me stands,
15 That round me, clasping each in each,
 She might have lock'd her hands.

TENNYSON.

CXVII.

(TRIMETER AND DIMETER IAMBIC.)

(47) (*The same continued.*)

Sed gramen aurâ qualibet velocior

Sic rasis, ut plantâ levi .

Flos tactus extollensque reflexum caput

Vestigium respexerit.

5 Ad nos venit puella, nos circumsilit ;

Ternosque decantat modos,

, Queis nostra laudas robora atque ingens caput,

Gigantis instar, integros.

Ambire medios ludibunda tum cupit,

10 Palmisque truncos assequi ;

Sed hei mihi ! sum grandior quam quod queat

Prensare virgo brachiis.

O, si fuissem, qualis est fagus prope,

Enodis, impubes ego,

15 Sic nos sinistrâ dextra nexa palmulâ

Cepisset ambitu suo.

CXVIII.

(THE DACTYLO-TROCHAIC OF HOR. CARM. I. 8.)

(48) Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
5 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
10 Thou must have uncommended died.

CXVIII.

(48) "Go, lovely rose."—WALLER.

I, rosa, quæque perdit
Perdito nos tempore, tu pulchra mone, liquere,
Quam sit amata nobis,
Quamque dulcis, quum tibi, me judice, comparetur.

5 Quæque fugax juventâ
Conspici non vult veneres, huic, "mihi," dic, "fuissem
Si sata sede solâ,
Laude nullâ vivere fas, fas foret interire."

CXIX.

- (49) Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired.
Bid her come forth—
Suffer herself to be desired,
5 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ; that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share,
10 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

WALLER.

CXIX.

(49) (*The same continued.*)

Sordet enim sepulta
Forma, quæ lucem refugit : prodeat hæc, cupique
Se sinat : ad virorum
Debitas laudes nihil est cur adeo erubescat.

5 Tum morere : ut probetur
Omnibus pulchris data fata auspice te perire ;
Ut brevior constet
Hæc die claudi nimio quæ placeant nitore.

CXX.

(HENDECASYLLABICS, CATULL. I.)

- (50) Virgin daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmèd waves for this
Their full tribute never miss,
5 From a thousand petty rills
That tumble down the snowy hills :
Summer drought or singèd air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
10 Thy molten crystal fill with mud :
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore ;
May thy lofty head be crowned
With many a tower and terrace round,
15 And here and there, thy banks upon,
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

MILTON.

CXX.

(HENDECASYLLABICS.)

(50) "Virgin daughter of Locrine."—MILTON.

- Orta Anchisiadis patre et Lucrino
 Virgo, sic latices scatente ripâ
 Ob tale officium fluant perennes,
 Mille et fonticuli e jugis nivosis
 5 Undarum tibi conferant tributa :
 Sic nunquam populet comas decentes
 Ardens Sirius æstuante cœlo :
 Nec fuso lutulentus imbre fædet
 October vada puriora vitro :
 10 Auro ripa natet, ferant beryllum
 ' Undæ ; stent capiti corona celsæ
 Arces et spatia et ter amplius agger :
 Sint ripis Arabum arboreta oðora
 Sparsa, et cinnama, myrteæque sylvæ.

CXXI.

- (51) Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roses growing,
5 What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state,
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love, nay, fill it up ;
10 And mingled cast into the cup
Wit and mirth and noble fires,
Vigorous health and gay desires.

COWLEY.

CXXI.

(51) "Underneath this myrtle shade."—COWLEY.

DUM sub vimine myrteo per umbram
Stratis floribus incubo supinus,
Nardo tempora dum fluunt odoro,
Innasci rosa fronte dum videtur,
5 Quid fiet mihi, ni mero ut calorem
Ingenti nimium eluamque curas?
Sic me regia regiâque major,
Dulcedo, jueritque Amor minister,
Plenis, heus Amor, usque pocla labris
10 Da ; miscebitur his lepos, jocusque,
Non expers generosioris ignis,
Membrorum et vigor, et procax cupido.

CXXII.

- (52) Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep ;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
5 The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

SCOTT.

CXXII.

(52) "Far in the bosom of the deep."—SCOTT.

Per longa æquora inhospitasque arenas
Lux nostra excubat; ignis hic rubescens,
Hoc mutabile gemmeumque lumen,
Noctis tempora decolora inaurat;
5 Nostras navita quum faces salutat,
Plenis non timet æquor* ire velis.

* Comp. Virg. *Æn.* iii. 191, *currimus æquor*; also v. 235;
also Ov. *ex Ponto*, i. 3, 76; and Propert. i. 1, 18, *ire vias*.

CXXIII.

- (53) Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield.
5 Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
And I will make thee beds of roses,
10 And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
15 Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.
A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
20 Come live with me, and be my love.

MARLOW.

CXXIII.

(53) "Come live with me, and be my love."—MARLOW.

- Mecum vive age, sisque amore juncta ;
Sic quot gaudia vallis, arduusve
Mons, collisve habet, arva quot, nemusve,
Sylvæve, omnia sint fruenda nobis.
- 5 Hic spectabimus in jugo sedentes,
Nostras pascere capreas magistros,
Aut qua pronior amnis it vadosus,
Juncto et carmine concinunt volucres.
Collatâ faciam rosâ cubile,
- 10 Mille et fasciculos olente flore ;
Mitram e floribus, induesque vestem,
Quæ sit vimine tota picta myrti.
Lanas in pepla flos gregis remittet
Agnus, calceolisque duplicatis
- 15 Pellent frigora mollibusque plantæ,
Puro fibula quos jugabit auro.
Zona e stramine, gemmulis corymbi
Picto, curaliis tibi apta eritque
Electro ; his placeat venire votis,
- 20 Mecum vivere, mecum amore jungi.

CXXIV.

- (54) If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.
- 5 But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.
The flowers do fade and wanton fields
- 10 To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
- 15 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs—
All these in me no means can move
- 20 To come to thee and be thy love.

RALEIGH.

CXXIV.

(54) "If all the world and love were young."—RALEIGH.

- Si floreret Amor recente sæclo,
 Nec fallax foret ullus ore pastor,
 Bellis sic ego forte capta donis
 Tecum vivere amore juncta amarem.
- 5 Sed grex tempore septa adit relictis
 Pratis, flumine saxa quum obstrepente
 Frigent; tum Philomela conticescit,
 Et curas queritur senex futuras.
- 10 Ceu defloruit ante ager protervus,
 Pendi quum sibi vult hiems tributa;
 Sic quoi mel fluat ore, felque corde,
 Auctumno dolet, ante verna fingens.
- Vestes, calceolos, toros rosarum
 Istos, fasciculos, pepla, atque mitram,
- 15 ~~Æ~~tas perduit immemorque tollit;
 Rident hæc stolidis, cati putrescunt.
 Zona e stramine gemmulis corymbi
 Picto, curaliisque juncta et apta
 Electro est nihili: haud movebor istis.
- 20 In vota ut veniam atque amore jungar.

N.B.—These Exercises, for the convenience alike of teachers and students, may be had either with the translations and translated passages facing each other on opposite pages in the same volume ; or the English wholly in a separate volume, and the Greek and Latin translations forming, if desired, a Tutor's Key by themselves.

